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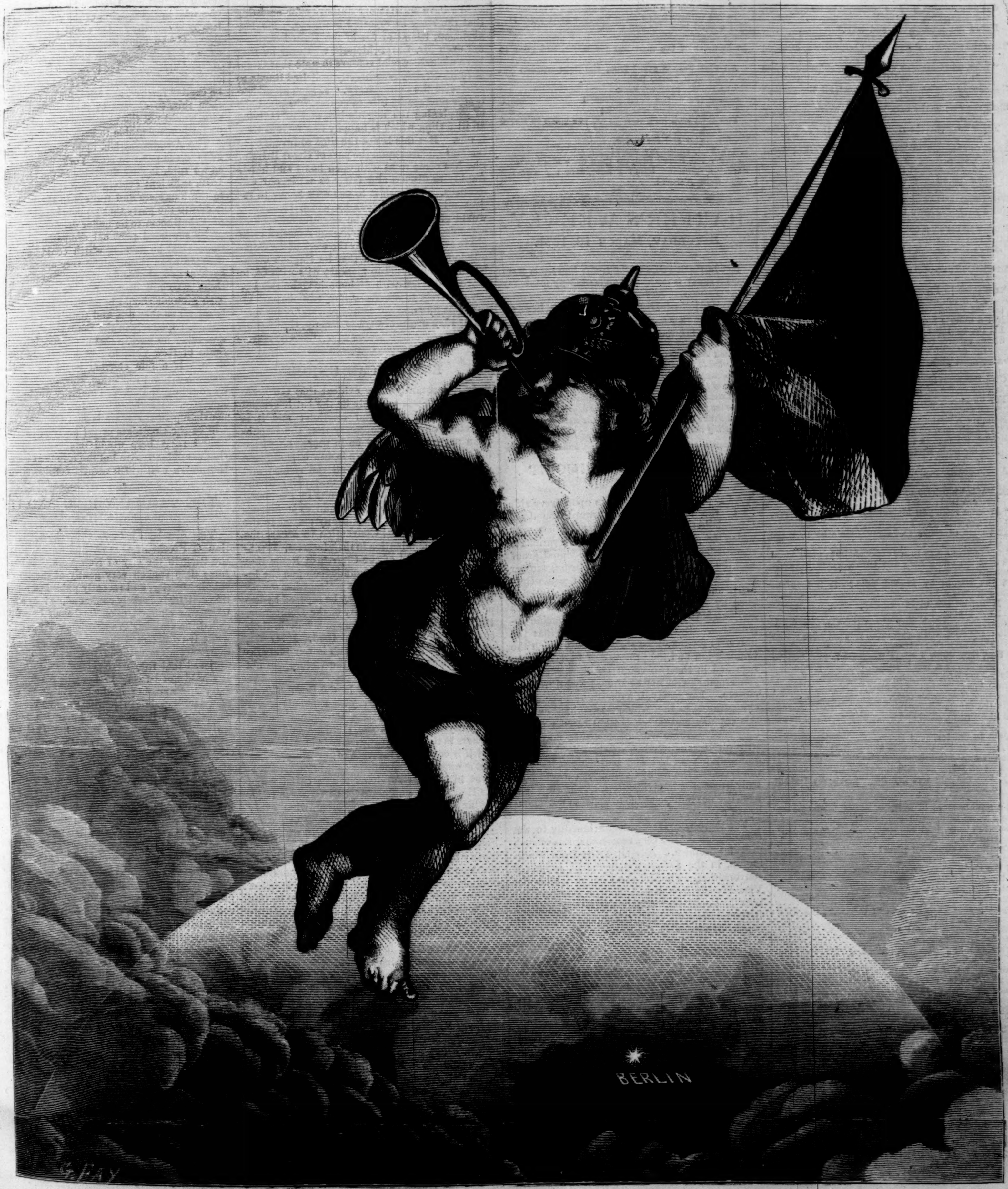


VICTORIOUS PEACE.

BROWNING'S NEW POEM.

In the following vivid and picturesque poem, which we print from advance sheets of the London magazine for which it was written, the poet rescues from oblivion the name of a hero who will thus owe his immortality to Robert Browning, as the brave boy Casabianca owes his to Mrs. Hemans.

HERVÉ RIEL.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a sympton of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 18, 1871.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is commenced an exceedingly interesting series of papers, entitled*

Memories of Distinguished Authors;

illustrated with Portraits, Sketches of Celebrated Places, Fac-similes of Handwriting, *etc. The list will include many of the most eminent* American *and* English Authors; *and the publishers believe that it will prove to be one of the most fascinating contributions to biographical literature ever offered to the reading public of this country. Among other attractions in this* Supplement *will be found several humorous* Character Sketches *from* San Domingo; *a fine engraving, entitled* "The First Music Lesson;" *and the usual variety of interesting literary matter.*

EMBARRASSING THE JOINT COMMISSION.

We perceive with pleasure upon every side the friendly feeling toward the Joint Commission, and the high expectation with which the probable result of its deliberations is regarded. Indeed, it would be a signal proof that the leadership of civilization belongs to our race and to our free institutions if, while Germany and France have just settled their difference by so terrible a war, the United States and England should end theirs by a pacific negotiation. But it is to be regretted that the universal feeling of satisfaction with which the Commission and the prospect of its labors are regarded in the two countries most intimately concerned should not be shared by all friendly powers. For surely, if a question so peculiarly exasperating as that which has so long excited this country and Great Britain can be peacefully settled, there would seem to be no reason why all international quarrels might not be amicably adjusted. The harmonious issue of the action of the Joint Commission would be a truly great step in civilization, as showing that wars are not indispensable to appease the "honor" of nations.

Yet there is evidently some hostility to the Commission for the very reason that it is of such peaceful promise. A letter-writer from Washington, in the *Independent*, recently, reports a conversation with Mr. Colfax, in which the Vice-President remarked that the Russian minister had said that during the rebellion Great Britain, in concert with France, had proposed to Russia to recognize the Confederacy, and had been very decidedly refused. Mr. Colfax is a contributor to the *Independent*, and may be fairly presumed to have seen the letter; and as he has not denied a statement which is, under present circumstances, so significant, some remark susceptible of such interpretation must have been made. If so, its purpose can not be mistaken. Made at this time, when England and Russia are but partially friendly, and when a negotiation is pending between England and the United States which would leave Great Britain unembarrassed, it can only be intended to make the negotiation more difficult by exciting American jealousy of Great Britain.

But this assertion is wholly without foundation. The British Government was cold toward us, and a certain British opinion was actively malevolent, but no American forgets how promptly that Government declined the overtures of Louis Napoleon to do what it is now itself charged with having joined him in asking Russia to do. The members of the British Government possibly believed that the Union would be dissolved, but they did not mean actively to promote that result. Our friends in England, John Bright at the head, watched the authorities, as we know, with the most constant vigilance, and, as one of the most honored and faithful of them, Goldwin Smith, says, "as for the interest of their own cause." Had there been the least desire upon the part of the British cabinet to do what the Russian minister is said to have told Mr. Colfax it did, the fact would have been instantly exposed by our English friends. Moreover, such a proposition could only have been made by the consent of the cabinet after careful deliberation. It was a measure involving immense consequences. It included, of course, the chance and the probability of war. By no possibility could it have been resolved upon except after the maturest reflection; nor is it conceivable that had the British ministry decided upon the overture, the Duke of Argyle, and the Duke of Newcastle, with our other well-wishers in the cabinet, would have remained in the government.

We have satisfactory authority for asserting that the story as reported is untrue. No Englishman, friend or foe of the United States—not even Mr. Laird himself, whatever he may have wished—would venture to state that Great Britain, directly or indirectly, solicited Russia to recognize the Confederacy. If such an allegation is now made, it is, of course, with the hope of perplexing the negotiation, and of reviving an ill feeling which is happily less fervent than it was. But this is not the time to invent or to imagine offenses upon the part of Great Britain. She has come to us with open heart and hand, frankly to discuss and fairly to settle our differences. We owe it to our own honor to reject all the innuendoes by which those who would gladly frustrate the negotiation seek to sow mischief. Every intelligent American will aid in every honorable way the work of the Commission. We all know that its English members have not come to measure wits with us, to fence and feign with diplomatic technicalities, but sincerely to ascertain how two nations of the same race and the same great traditions may be, as they ought always to remain, the best of friends.

REPUBLICAN UNION.

It is constantly more evident that the State of New York will probably be the battle-ground of the next Presidential election; and it is therefore obviously necessary that the Republican party here should be in proper condition for the conflict. The State is now in possession of the Democratic party, and the richest and most powerful managers of that party in the country have their head-quarters in Tammany Hall. They are also wary and experienced, and their game will be skillfully played in the Democratic National Convention to secure the Presidential nomination in their interest. William Godwin said of the Church of Rome that it relied with unshaken confidence upon the ignorance of mankind; and experience has taught that a similar confidence may be reposed by Republicans in the fatal fatuity of the Democrats. But it is not wise to count upon a folly in their counsels like that of 1864 and 1868. It is safer, at least, to expect sagacity, and in our preparations for battle assume that the victory will not be won without a contest.

Is the Republican party in the State of New York in proper battle-array? Probably it was never less so. There is a smothered feud in the party like that of the Hunkers and Barnburners in the Democratic ranks before the war; and if it continues, the vote of the State will be cast against the Republican candidate for President in 1872 as surely as it was cast against the Republican candidate for Governor in 1870. Nothing is gained by concealing what every body knows; but a frank discussion of the situation may tend to relief. The feud which has long obscurely existed was brought to great intensity by the direct action of the Administration; and it is to the Administration, therefore, that we must look for the remedy. It must devise some means by which the party in this State will cease to be divided into Administration and anti-Administration Republicans. But, of course, it can make no bargains, nor pretend a confidence which it does not feel. Nor can it hope to do any thing efficiently to relieve the difficulty if any body of Republicans in the State is more devoted to a man than to the party principles.

That there is collusion between certain conspicuous Republicans in the city and their political opponents is not merely suspected; it is known. The evidence may not be submitted to a committee in which those Republicans are influential, for obvious reasons; but it nevertheless exists, and is conclusive to those who are familiar with it. That, under any circumstances, such Republicans will seriously withstand the efforts of Tammany Hall can not be expected. Nor can it be doubted that, even if there were no satisfactory proof of the unfortunate fact of which we speak, the general suspicion alone would be a serious injury to the party. It would be asked with amazement—nor could there be any satisfactory reply—why should such a suspicion taint any person or persons if there were absolutely no reason for it? There are those, for instance, whom the New York *Tribune* has by name accused of complicity with the common enemy, and has, therefore, covered with the suspicion arising from its expressed distrust and censure. Has the *Tribune* changed its opinion? And if so, has it ever mentioned the change, or stated the reasons for it? If not, must not the suspicion still attach, and upon its authority? And can harmony fairly be expected under such leadership?

Again, it is alleged that one of the Senators of the State is upon unfriendly terms with the President, and that the President ought to restore good relations. But this may not be altogether a matter of will. Thus if the President should lose confidence in an adviser—and we put the case merely as an illustration of what will be universally allowed to be possible—what ought he to do? Certainly, whatever he does, he must not pretend to trust where he does not. And would it be just for any friend of that adviser to insist that the President ought not to distrust him because he trusted some one else who in the opinion of the friend was much less trust-worthy? Or could any betrayal of the party be more signal than the attempt of such a friend, upon such grounds, to thwart the Administration, and so to imperil the dominance of the Republican party? If the hostility should be carried further, and lead, for no other reason than this, to discord in the National Convention, would not the disaster which might ensue be fairly attributable to such friends?

The Administration, upon its side, certainly owes to the party in New York, whose success, as we said, is very desirable in the election of 1872, sufficient evidence that it is hostile only to the bummers and traitors in the ranks. It is due to the party that no considerable portion of it shall seem to lie under displeasure because of its supposed personal sympathies, and that there shall be nothing which could be called a warfare upon them. The very appearance of such action should be carefully avoided; and those who are disposed to be captious upon such grounds should be made to see how totally mistaken they are, and that if there are Republican quarrels in the State the Administration takes no part in them. Undoubtedly, the State of New York to-day is honestly Republican. If a fair election could be held—an election without repeating, stuffing, or Tammany counting, the decided majority would be Republican. Undoubtedly, also, the Republican conviction in the State is that General Grant will be the candidate of the party in 1872. A united party here would unquestionably elect that candidate. Are not the means of securing that union well worth earnest consideration?

THE TAMMANY RING AND ITS FRIENDS.

The *Evening Post* condemns the administration of President Grant, and praises that of the Ring in the city of New York. It has for some time spoken very gently of the imperial rule in the city, and recently published a tentative article, indirectly commending it by stating what was claimed upon its behalf by what is called the Citizens' Association. After a little while it republished the article; and, averring that its statements had not been challenged, declared that they were therefore established! It would not be easy to imagine a more summary and amusing method. As a matter of fact, the Republican journals of the city were exposing the Broadway widening job and the water bill at the very time the *Post* made what it calls its uncontradicted assertions.

And by what authority were they made? Upon that of the Citizens' Association. That such an association may have been at one time, and under certain circumstances, a body whose opinion would have weight upon such a subject, is very possible. But all that the public now know of the Citizens' Association is an occasional manifest signed by Mr. Peter Cooper and Mr. Nathaniel Sands. Mr. Cooper is one of the most venerable and respected citizens of New York, but it is not generally supposed that he prepares the manifests. They are understood to be substantially the work of Mr. Sands. Mr. Sands is understood to have favored the passage of the Tammany tax levy of 1868, upon which the Republican Senate proposed to hold out; but the votes of Mr. Williams and Mr. Mattoon, in favor of the Tammany project, which Mr. Sands befriended, made such action useless. Mr. Sands subsequently received an appointment in the Tax Commission. His opinion, therefore, upon the action of the Tammany masters of the city must obviously be received with great reservation. And that the declarations of the Citizens' Association are the opinions of Mr. Sands is probably not disputed. But if such declarations in regard to the benefits of the Ring to the city of New York should, under these circumstances, pass unchallenged, it would by no means necessarily be because they could not be successfully questioned, as the *Evening Post* assumes.

The new charter, of which the *Post* speaks so kindly, was the work of the Ring, and designed to perpetuate its power; and such has undoubtedly been its effect. It is certainly remarkable that a paper which professes to respect so deeply the principle of the responsibility of power should praise, upon that ground, and with its knowledge of the actual situation in the city, a charter which makes the terms of the chief officers appointed by the Mayor twice as long as his own. Executive responsibility to the people is destroyed by the charter. The government of the city of New York, under the Tammany Ring, as we have frequently shown, is an absolute empire, which will end only by the voluntary retirement of the Ring-masters or by a successful rebellion of their subjects. The methods of their government are familiar to every citizen. One of them is to cover themselves and their acts with respectable names. Thus, the last project of a city railroad selects the Ring, with three or four conspicuous citizens, as the commission. Every New Yorker at once understands "the little game" of the Ring, of which, it is unnecessary to say, those gentlemen are innocent.

To our readers who are not New Yorkers, and who may be supposed to be uninterested in such local questions, the reason of our allusion to them is obvious. The power that now controls the city and State of New York aims at the control of the national government. The ruthless imperialism which prevails here it would extend through the country. Its methods of bribery and intimidation it would practice upon a national arena. And it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the people of the United States should understand the character and contemplate the measures of the imperial cabal which would rule them. Its power can well be studied in the tone of the *Evening Post*, when commenting upon the government of the city. Its defiance of the ordinary safeguards of vested rights is illustrated by the Erie bill, and the water bill, which confers a practically unlimited and irresponsible authority upon one man. Its malign influence upon popular rights may be seen in the fact that the Governor of New York, which the cabal nominated and elected, faithfully obeys its will, and that the honor of the bench in the city is notoriously stained. This is the rule which the *Evening Post* praises, but which the best men of the Democratic party privately deprecate and oppose.

DANGER UPON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

We call the attention of the managers of the Hudson River Railroad to the fact that the drawing-room cars upon that road can not pass safely through the tunnels. Besides the instances of collision mentioned in the papers, we have others, upon private authority, of which there is no question. Whether the difficulty is that the bore of the tunnels is not large enough, or that the cars strike each other, is not clear. But of the fact and of the consequent danger there is no doubt whatever. The duty of the company is, therefore, imperative, and we shall be glad to hear that it has been done. The investigation of the New Hamburg catastrophe has properly shaken public confidence in the management of this road; and should any passengers be fatally injured by reason of negligence to correct the evil which we here mention, we can only wish that the case may not be submitted to a jury like that which found nobody to blame for the slaughter at New Hamburg.

A CHANCE TO RIGHT A WRONG.

If the Erie bill was passed, as was alleged in extenuation of the Governor's approval, by the vote of the Republicans as well as of the Democrats, there is all the more reason that the Republicans should now repair the mischief. The character of this infamous bill is familiar to the whole country, and the lamentably and ludicrously futile attempts of the Democratic papers to defend and explain Governor Hoffman's signature serve but to reveal it more distinctly. At the time, some of his party friends were wiser than he. If they are silent now, or try to conceal the significance of his action, it is but another proof of the fact that the managers of the Governor and Legislature also control their party organs. The *World* said of the Governor, with entire truth, when a proposition was formerly made to repeal the Erie bill, "If there is any thing he ought to covet, it is an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery and making it a law." There was never a more ruthless betrayal of the people by the officer to whom they have given the power of the veto for their defense than in Governor Hoffman's signature of a bill which honest men of every party indignantly denounced.

The duty of the Republican members of the Legislature, therefore, is plain. Mr. Goodrich's resolution for the repeal of the bill gives them the opportunity which they ought to wish. Let the Republican party at least be clear of this iniquity. Let the law stand, if it must, as a characteristic act of Democratic legislation, and as a warning to the country of what it may expect of Democratic ascendency. Let the people of other States see plainly that in New York the Democratic party destroys the most precious right—that of every man to dispose of the fruits of his labor; that it authorizes railroad directors to perpetuate their control of the property of stockholders without their consent. If the Republicans in the New York Legislature connive at this monstrous wrong, or actively support it by refusing to vote for the resolution of repeal, they will do all that they can do to persuade intelligent and just men every where in the country that in this State there is apparently little to choose between the two great parties.

NOTES.

The Congressional Committee on Education and Labor has honorably acquitted Major-General Howard of all the charges brought against him by Mr. Fernando Wood. The juxtaposition of the names is suggestive. It is fairly illustrative of the two causes which the two men represented during the rebellion, and of the present attitude of the two great parties in regard to the war. General Howard's patriotic devotion and wounds in the field, and his faithful discharge of the onerous duties of the head of the Freedman's Commission, will be much longer remembered than the abortive aspersions upon his character of persons like Mr. Fernando Wood, and remembered always with gratitude and honor.

The Golden Age, Mr. Theodore Tilton's new weekly paper, is handsome and attractive; and as the innumerable difficulties which beset a first number are familiar to all the initiated, we can safely anticipate from the lively variety of the beginning a racy and readable journal. It professes the widest hospitality for every thought, from all sides, properly expressed. But we hope, and we infer from what we know of the editor, that it will also have very positive opinions of its own, and not be a mere cave of the winds, however musical. No one, we presume, knows better than the editor of the *Golden Age* that there is no place waiting for a new paper, but the new paper must make its place by making itself a pleasure or a necessity to the reader. It is a bold enterprise, but we heartily welcome it to the discussion of all public questions with temper and good sense.

Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne—formerly Sophia Peabody, the sister of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody and Mrs. Horace Mann—died recently in England. Mrs. Hawthorne had edited her husband's delightful Note-Books, and had written a volume, published by Putnam last year, of foreign travel. She was a lady of the most accomplished taste in art and literature; and her death will be both a surprise and sorrow to her American friends.

The late House of Representatives, before it expired, virtually refused to repeal the income tax, and so has one title the less to the gratitude of the country. Yet those who defeated the repeal may justly urge that the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, who is, so to speak, politically responsible for the financial policy of the Administration, should have great weight; and he is known to be vehemently opposed to the repeal. This difference of opinion between the House and the Department suggests the desirability of the reform which has been often urgently proposed, and which would give a Secretary a voice in Congress. If he were present, and could personally answer all questions, and engage in debate, the defeat of his plans would lead very properly to his retirement. As it is, there is a vague feeling that he has not had a fair chance, and that it is hard to refuse what he warmly presses.

The effort to throw discredit upon the management of the Children's Aid Society, in New York, one of the most admirable and efficient charities in the country, and to prevent the annual State appropriation for its benefit, has signally failed. The attack upon the Society proves to have been a good fortune, for it was the occasion of the revelation to the public of its singularly honorable and disinterested management. There has been no more triumphant vindication of a slandered institution, and the Senator who preferred the charges not only withdrew them, but declared himself to be entirely convinced of his great misapprehension of the facts.

Among the great railroad enterprises interrupted by our late war was that of the Chesapeake and Ohio line, which had been partly constructed by the State of Virginia when the events of 1861 brought the work to a stand-still. It was resumed at the close of the war, and now only one hundred and fifty miles of road remain to be completed to open a continuous line of railway from the Atlantic coast to the valley of the Ohio, through a country which, in addition to the through trade, will afford a large and remunerative local business. The subscription books for the amount necessary to complete the road have been opened by Messrs. Fisk & Hatch of this city. The officers of the company are gentlemen of high standing in the business community of New York.

It is unfortunate that the Baptists did not follow the advice of their eminent leader, Rev. Dr. W. R. Williams, and decline the grant of a lot of land from the city for benevolent purposes. They know, of course, that it is not given from any love of them, nor from any sense of justice, but merely to hush their remonstrances against similar grants to the Roman Catholics or any other sect. The action of the Young Men's Christian Association last year could have been wisely studied and emulated by the gentlemen who have consented to receive this grant. They may be very sure that it will return to plague them.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Several foreign journals have much to say of the recent discoveries made by Dr. Schweinfurth in Central Africa, as first published in Petermann's "Mittheilungen." The country examined by this gentleman lies to the northwest of the great equatorial lakes, and his labors have tended to define the limits of the Nile Valley in the direction of the equator, to which he has approached more nearly than any other traveler. His letters contain very interesting accounts of adventures among the Niam-Niams, a race of very peculiar and remarkable character. After crossing the water-shed of the Nile he met with another and totally different people, distinguished by the lighter color of their skin and their blonde and frizzled hair, as compared with the brown-colored skin and long, silky hair of the Niam-Niams. They also possess the unpleasant peculiarity of cannibalism to a greater degree than is believed to exist among any other people on the face of the globe at the present time.

One result of the completion of the Pacific Railroad has been the introduction into our Eastern markets of Western game. We see it stated that two hundred antelope were sent to Boston during a single week, and three hundred saddles of deer, of both the white-tailed and black-tailed species. The antelope brought from fifteen to twenty cents per pound at wholesale, and the venison from twenty to twenty-five.

The subject of fish-breeding continues to excite much interest in Victoria, and eggs of the European salmon-trout, introduced from Tasmania, were successfully hatched out early in September, and are now in a promising condition.

The Agricultural Department informs us that in Princess Ann County, Virginia, the average number of geese shot daily, last winter, was 25, and of ducks 100, during a season of 104 days, or from November 1, 1869, to March 1, 1870; in all, 2600 geese and 10,400 ducks. The geese brought 70 cents each, on an average, and the ducks 40 cents, making for the season $5980.

The Mexican Congress has lately conceded a very liberal grant to some American citizens for a transcontinental railroad, starting from any point between the ports of Tampico and Tecolutta, and terminating between the Bar of Zacatula and the port of San Blas, on the Pacific Ocean. The concessions made are said to be entirely satisfactory to the grantees.

Dr. Kessler claims to have discovered lately in Cassel the oldest herbarium known, some of the plants having been prepared in 1556. It contains 614 plants, properly fastened down and labeled, and was formed by Caspar Katzenberger.

Fish culture is prosecuted at the present time on a large scale in California; the "California and Lake Tahoe Artificial Fish Culture Company," established near Lake Truckee, having now six ponds, in which there are 2000 trout three years old, 14,000 two years old, and 110,000 younger ones, the oldest fish already weighing as much as twenty ounces. These fish bring a high price, whether as full grown for food, or as young fish for the purpose of stocking other ponds.

The Commissioners of Fisheries for New Jersey in their late report maintain that, owing to the introduction of gill nets, the number of shad caught has diminished by one-half.

The subject of breeding minks and killing them for their furs is one that has been prosecuted for some years with, it is said, satisfactory results. We have been lately informed that from one pair a progeny of eighty-seven has been obtained within two years' time.

A California cattle raiser has been lately trying the experiment of training coyotes or prairie wolves as shepherd dogs, but does not consider his experiment entirely satisfactory, as the sheep are generally killed before the training has been completed. He has, however, strong hopes of succeeding in his object in time.

We regret to learn that in the course of a disastrous fire at Springfield, Illinois, on the 25th of February, the collection of the Geological Survey of the State of Illinois was in large part either destroyed or greatly injured, especially the fossil plants. This loss is the more severe as the collection in question contained one of the finest series of carboniferous fossils in the country, and embraced a large number of types of new species described by Messrs. Worthen and Meek. This should be a warning to all who have charge of valuable natural-history collections, to give themselves no rest until their treasures are secured in fire-proof buildings.

According to late advices from Florida, Mr. N. H. Bishop, whose visit to that State in the interest of natural history we have already referred to, has started off in his yacht on a cruise down the coast for the purpose of making collections of Florida birds, etc. He hopes to penetrate into the Everglades and prosecute some inquiries in regard to certain species of birds said to occur there, and nowhere else in Florida.

At a late meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History a communication was presented by Count Pourtalès in reference to the character of the sea bottom off the coast of the United States south of Cape Hatteras, and based upon the researches of the Coast Survey. According to his statement, the principal constituent of the coast is silicious sand from the coast-line to about the line of one hundred fathoms—a limit which coincides nearly with the inner edge of the Gulf Stream throughout the greater part of its course. Outside of this line is a whitish calcareous mud, containing *globigerina*, and extending probably over the greater part of the ocean. South of the Vineyard Islands, and off the eastern end of Long Island, the silicious sand is replaced by a kind of bluish mud, known as the Block Island soundings. A similar mud is found off Sandy Hook in a range of depressions known as mud holes, which form a leading mark by which to find the port of New York in thick weather. A few rocky patches are found east of the neighborhood of New York, and a rocky bottom occurs, sparingly, near Cape Fear; but otherwise the sand is pretty uniform, varying only in the size of its grain. On the inner edge of the Gulf Stream there is a deposit of green sand composed of the casts of foraminifera.

We regret to have to record the death, at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 13th of December last, of Professor William Chauvenet, formerly Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis. This gentleman has long been known in American scientific circles for his attainments as a mathematician and astronomer; and the various works published by him have occupied a high position as text-books and manuals of instruction. For a time connected with the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was subsequently elected Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Washington University, St. Louis, afterward becoming Chancellor, and remaining there until 1869. His death occurred in consequence of exhaustion of the nervous powers at the age of a little over fifty.

Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Maine, lately presented his report to the Legislature for the year 1870, giving a gratifying account of the increase of the fish, especially of salmon, in different parts of the State. The building of fishways in the dams has permitted the alewives, as well as shad and salmon, to ascend to their breeding-grounds, and there is reason to expect a great increase in the stock of these valuable food fishes within the next few years. The Commissioner recommends the establishment of breeding-houses for facilitating the reproduction of salmon; and states that these can be arranged at a very slight cost, and that by the sale of impregnated eggs the experiment could actually be made to realize a profit to the State. The entire expenditure of the commission during the year, including salary, traveling expenses, etc., amounted to about $1600.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 27.—In the Senate, an amendment to the Post-office Appropriation bill, for an increase to the subsidy to the China and Japan Steamship line, was tabled.—In the House, the Conference Committee on the question of the right of the Senate to originate the income tax repeal, reported that no agreement was reached, and recommended that the claims of the House be adhered to.

February 28.—The Senate adopted an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay over to the Pacific Railroad one-half the compensation for services rendered to the government.—The House passed a bill repealing the duties on coal.

March 1.—The Senate passed the Army Appropriation bill, with an amendment extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims to loyal Southerners. The House bill repealing the duty on coal was read once, but objection being made, no further action was taken.—In the House, a bill providing that no tax shall be imposed on the undistributable sums of the contingent funds and unearned premiums of insurance companies was passed.

March 2.—The Deficiency and Fortification bills were passed in the Senate; also one for the recovery of damages for the loss of the *Oneida*.—In the House, a resolution was adopted exculpating General Howard from all charges made against him in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau.

March 3.—Among the bills passed in the Senate was one for the reissue of national bank notes, and one in relation to ocean telegraphs, prohibiting the consolidation of companies, and the establishment of rates above $5 for ten words.—The House agreed to the Senate bill relating to ocean telegraphs.

March 4.—The Senate failed to pass the House bill repealing the duty on coal. At twelve o'clock the Senate of the Forty-first Congress adjourned *sine die*, and the organization of the Forty-second was effected. The credentials of Mr. Goldthwaite, of North Carolina, Mr. Hamilton and General Reynolds, of Texas, and Mr. Blodgett, of Georgia, were temporarily laid on the table.—The House passed the Civil Appropriation bill, with all the Senate's amendments. An attempt to pass the bill abolishing the grades of admiral and vice-admiral failed. At twelve o'clock the House of the Forty-first Congress was adjourned by the Speaker, and the organization of that for the Forty-second Congress was proceeded with without delay. The old officers were all re-elected, and then the oath was administered to the members.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The monthly statement of the public debt shows a reduction, during the past month, of $7,317,960, and since March 1, 1869, of $204,754,413.

The coal difficulty remains unsettled. The miners have resolved to adhere to their demands, and to permit none to work who do not agree to abide by them. An "outside" miner named Hoffman was murdered at Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, on the 2d inst. as a warning.

The Hudson River is clear of ice to Albany, and navigation will soon be reopened.

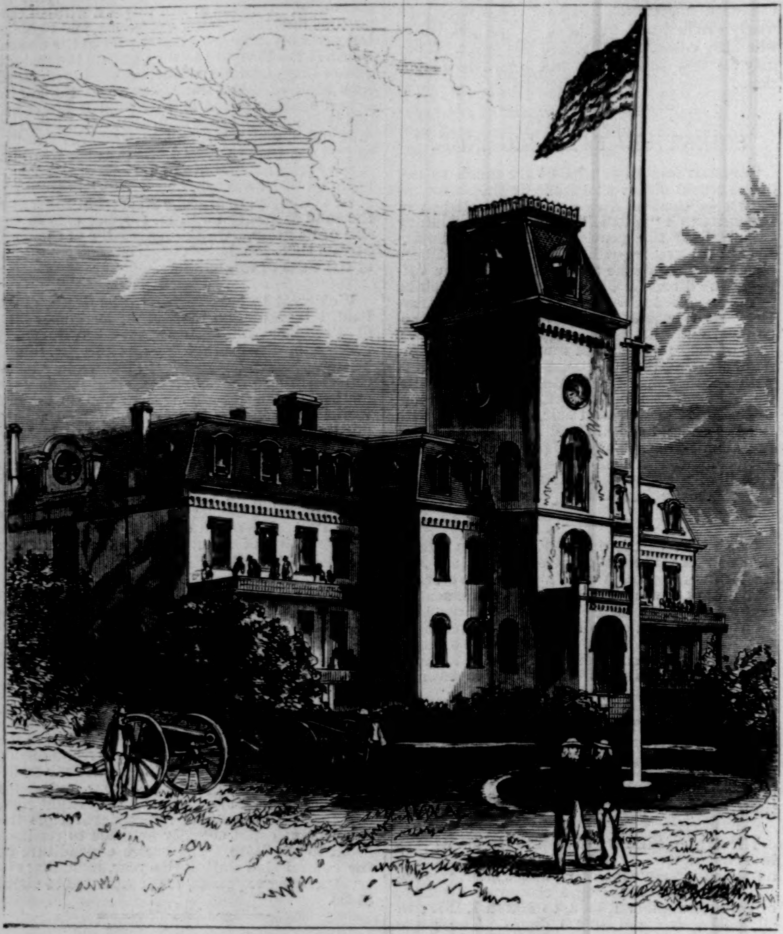
FOREIGN NEWS.

The preliminaries of peace were ratified March 1 by the French Assembly. They cede one-fifth of Lorraine, including Metz, Thionville, Longwy, and Saarbrück, and all of Alsace, except Belfort, and pay $1,000,000,000 indemnity—$200,000,000 this year, and the balance in three years.

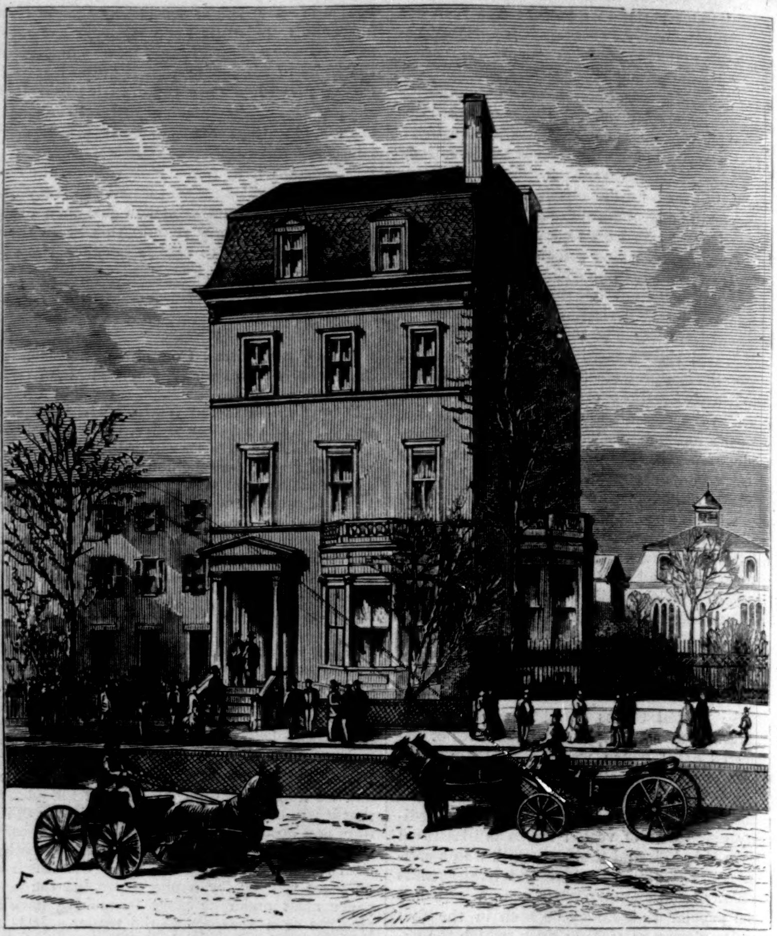
On the 2d of March the German army of occupation entered Paris. There was much agitation in the city on the preceding night, and when the troops marched in, passing by the Arch of Triumph, shops and public buildings were closed, and the people looked on in gloomy silence. A disposition to make friends with the citizens was repelled with spirit. Prussian officers who penetrated into the city in disguise were discovered, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Immediate vengeance was wreaked on some who held communication with the officers or soldiers. The city was evacuated by the Germans on the 4th. Only about 30,000 entered Paris.

Prince Frederick Charles has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Occupation in France, with head-quarters at Rheims.

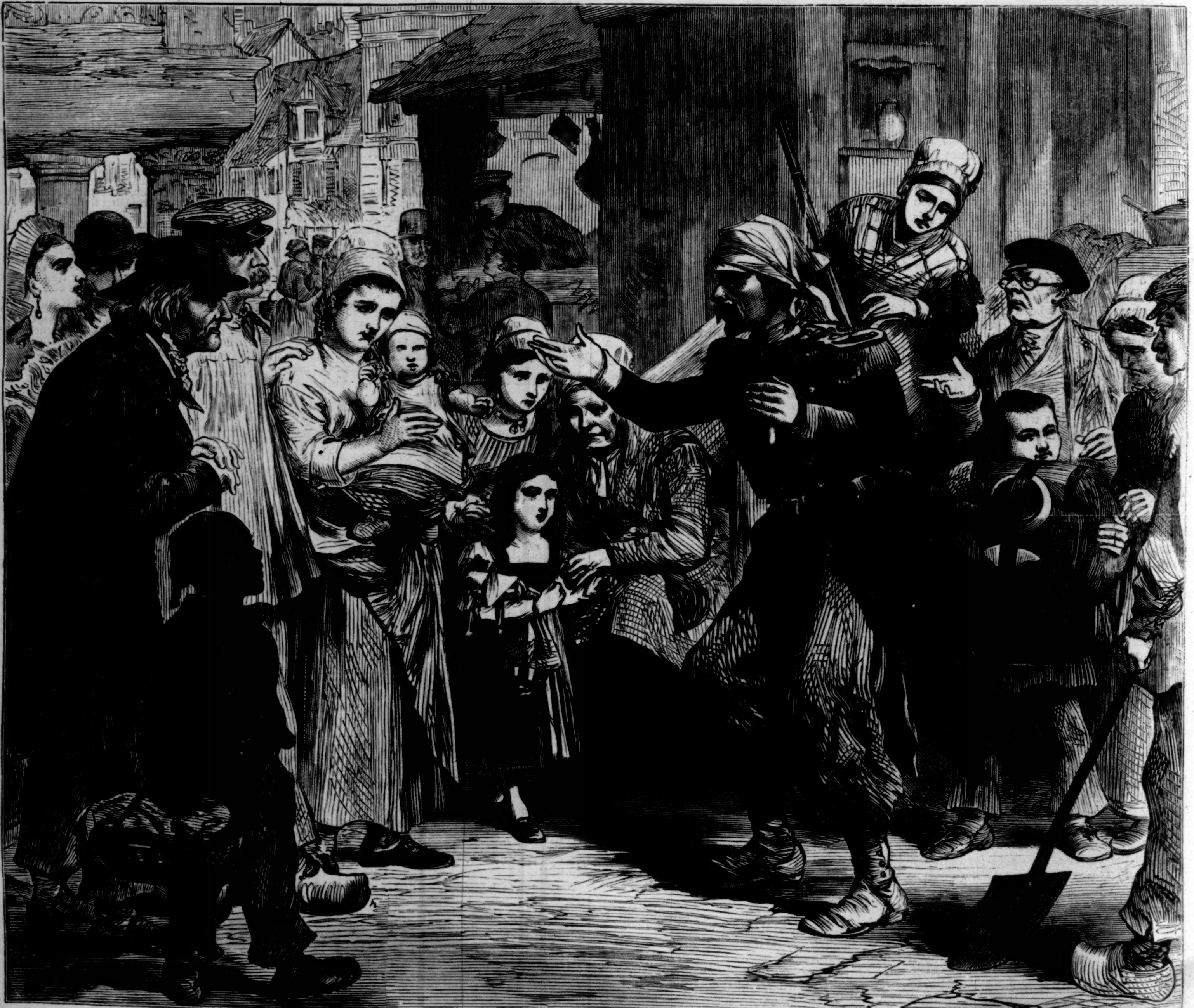
Sir Robert Peel, in the British House of Commons, lately commented in severe terms on the conduct of Lord Lyons in deserting his post in Paris during the siege, and extolled the devotion of Minister Washburne in remaining.



SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON, D.C.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL & BROTHER, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[SEE PAGE 239.]



RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS, WASHINGTON, D.C
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL & BROTHER, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[SEE PAGE 239.]



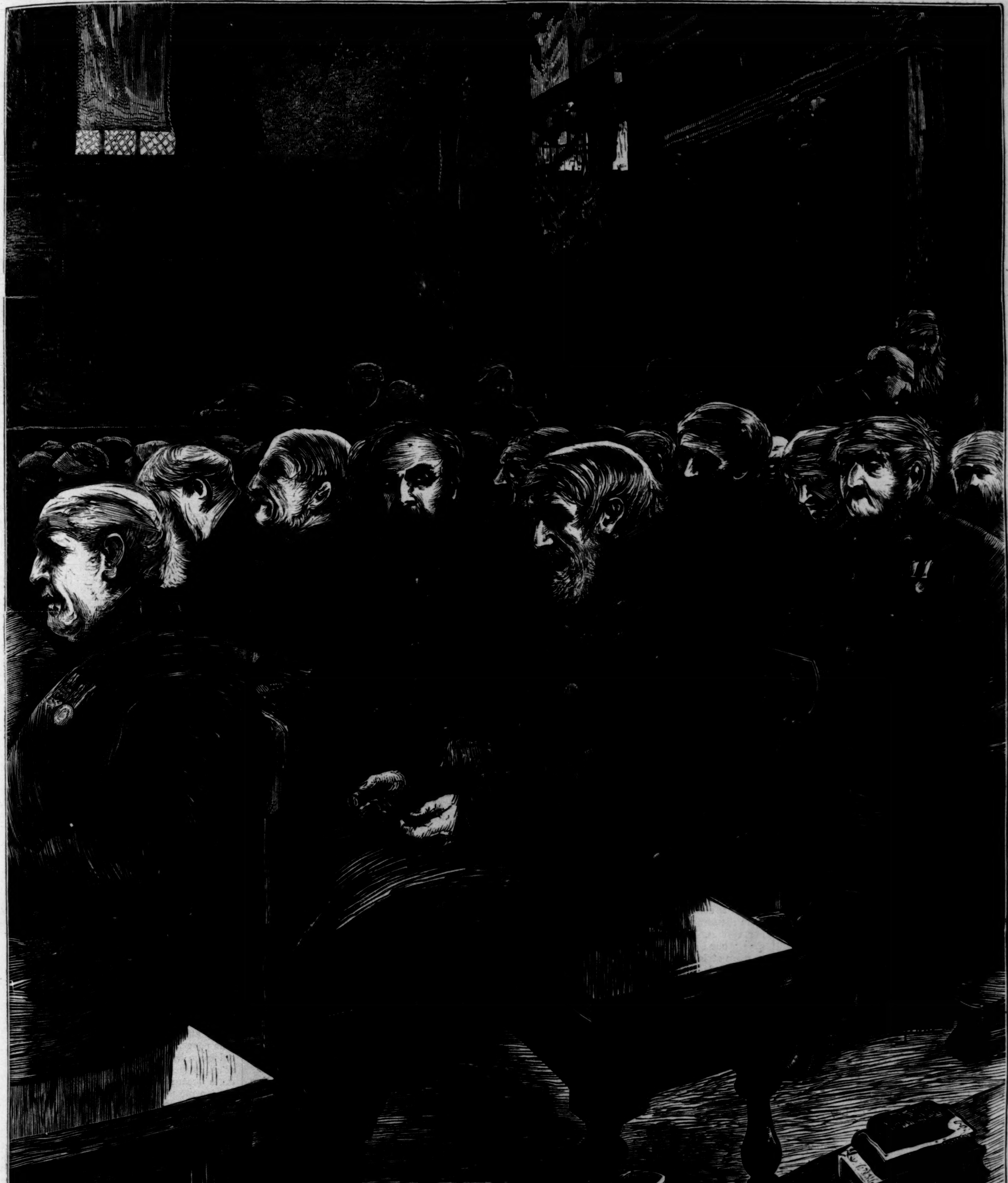
A WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIER RETURNED HOME.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

Some two hundred years ago an old or wounded English soldier who was obliged to fall back for relief on his parish or district, even if he succeeded in showing his right by domicile to some assistance, received as a pauper's dole what should have been given in the shape of grateful reward. It is true that a limited number of men received accommodation from time to time in alms-houses to which the crown had a right of presentation, but the number was very small, and the relief therein given was seldom sufficient for the old men's wants. These considerations, and the importunity of the large numbers of maimed soldiers wandering about, led King Charles II. to adopt some more efficient means of providing for them—an idea which became embodied in the structure since familiarly known as Chelsea Hospital.

The liberality of Parliament in modern times has greatly increased the utility of this institution. Charles II. had no public grant to assist him in providing the fabric of the building, or even the site on which it stands, but an appeal to the army itself to contribute a day's pay in the year, and a poundage on some of its allowances, brought in sufficient funds, when aided by voluntary contributions, to pay for land and buildings. This scheme proved insufficient in a very few years, which led to the permanent institution of *out pension.* There are now 60,000 out pensioners, for whose support Parliament votes a million of money.

Owing to the liberal grant now made for army pension, a soldier has no difficulty in obtaining such an annuity in money as his merits entitle him to under the rules of the service. But admission to a berth inside the hospital at Chelsea is not so easy of attainment, being reserved for those among the large body already mentioned to whom any ordinary pension in money could not bring suitable support, by reason of great age or infirmity. Fifty-five or sixty years of age usually qualifies for admission, but wounds, or severe injuries by climate abroad, would give a claim earlier. In either case, the candidate is supposed to be unburdened by a family depending on him. The total number accommodated at Chelsea Hospital is 538. The average age of those in the house on 31st December last was sixty-five years. They are provided with excellent lodging and clothing, and a very liberal diet. They have physicians and nurses to see to their wants, and there is a handsome chapel, with a resident chaplain on the premises. Library and reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, baths, and all other conveniences of such an establishment are not wanting; and the old men receive a weekly allowance of tobacco money. These advantages do not always bring contentment; and occasionally an inmate desires to return to his old haunts, which he is freely permitted to do.



SUNDAY AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL, ENGLAND.

The sketch on this page represents some of the old pensioners seated in the chapel, which wears a very historic look from the number of foreign captured flags suspended from the walls. The chapel and the whole of the hospital buildings were designed and built under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, who was a member of the first Board of Commissioners of the institution.

MEA CULPA.

By Alice Robbins.

I have lost all faith, dear, even in Christ,
All hope in God or my kind,
Since my life was mapped out like a city unbuilt,
With the great things I meant to do;
For when I was young, with my amber locks,
That no silken fillet could bind,
I dreamed wild dreams, and my wonderful deeds
Threaded them through and through.

I knelt at the shrine of a perjured love;
I fell, through my love and hate;
He was not my king, but a serf so base
His hound was nobler than he;
And yet with an angel's front he came;
I worshiped, and kissed my fate;
And my bridal roses were yet in bloom
When a story was told to me.

Ah, Heaven! I try to forget—but no—
I was never his lawful wife;
My God! it came like a hot simoom—
Like the shriek of a bursting shell;
He ruined me, body and soul; through him
I have earned this death in life,
For I died that day, and I drifted down
To the very deeps of hell.

Child, I wonder why you, with your fresh young face,
Like pearls in its tints and blooms,
Should take me into a home like this;
For I see from my silken bed
Splendors of marble, and wealth of color,
And wonders of Persian looms;
And I think of the heaven my soul has lost,
My poor lost soul that is dead.

But stop—I have told you the worst; there's one—
There's one spot as white as snow
In my wasted life, on my stained page
Of what shame has written in blood:
I found a homeless and starving child
In my wanderings, long ago,
And, almost starving myself, I sold
My rags to buy her food.

I saw the dim eyes open at last,
The pinched, white lips grow red,
I felt the frozen tide flow back
In the veins that warmed my own.
I pillowed its little form by night,
My bosom its only bed;
I hallowed its troubled smile by day—
God had not left me alone.

My hunger fought sometimes for the crust
I gave to the little maid,
But I fought it back with a mighty blow,
Till my famished lips were dry—
So parched I dared not kiss her, lest
The bloom on her cheek should fade;
And I battled with fiends that tempted me
To take the child and die.

How long did I keep it? Three blessed years;
Three bitter and blissful years;
Till its tender touch had found the key
To my dead and locked-up soul;
Till its love had opened the dusty fount
Of my hot, repentant tears;
And then—and then—I gave it away,
Before it had made me whole.

For you see I could not starve, and the door
Of honest toil was shut,
Oh, tight as the heart of a Pharisee,
And so—I—gave it away.
You! you!—my God!—*you* are not the babe
I found in that frozen hut?
Not you—and this splendor! this living bloom!
Was it *you* I saved that day?

Come nearer, darling!—is God so good?
Out of my wasted life
Can a flower have blossomed so perfectly?
Out of the slough and fen
Of a broken, withered, blighted thing,
That was never a lawful wife?
I'm weary—I see a light, far up,
In the hand of the Magdalen.

Her Christ forgave. Will you say a prayer?
I'm very sorry for all;
I would wash *His* feet—oh, so eagerly!—
For this perfect, crystal hour.
Perhaps, like that blind one, I may sit
At the pearly gate, and call,
"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy,
As Thou hast glory and power!"

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

COMING DOWN BY DEGREES.

It is not to be supposed but that other letters from friends, conveying more or less of sympathy, had been received by Mabel on the occasion of her father's death, besides those of Lady Moorcombe and Mrs. Marshall; moreover, a considerable number of persons had given themselves the personal trouble to attend the funeral; and each had made some little offer of help, in a neighborly way. All these had been gratefully acknowledged, but declined. Mabel did not wish to impose her sombre company upon these good people, even for "a few days," or while "she could look about her;" the neighborhood of Swallowdip would have been, at all events, insupportable to her; she could not have endured to be a guest in the place that had so long been her home; and, besides, it had seemed to her somehow that these invitations had been given for the most part in a half-hearted manner. Though she was far from complaining or repining, it struck her that if such misfortunes had happened to another as had occurred to herself, she would have held out her arms to the poverty-stricken orphan, and not merely offered her hand so civilly. The contrast between the warmth of their expressions of condolence and their scanty proffer of material aid was remarkable. They thought nothing of invoking all the blessings of the Creator upon her unprotected head, but they evidently thought a good deal of asking her to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. Their former behavior to her, while her father was alive, had not, of course, been so impressively kind, but it had suggested bottomless depths of benevolence, should any occasion ever arise for its exercise. She was quite willing to believe that their good-will toward her had been exhibited upon her father's account—that there was nothing in herself to have earned it; but she could not understand why it had cooled, now that he was dead. To *her* his memory seemed even dearer than he himself had been; and his lightest wish had all the force of a command.

Mabel's own opinion of herself, notwithstanding her little reign at Shingleton, was a very humble one; but she felt sad at heart to think how the influence of her father had passed away already with his breath, and to feel that perhaps in a few short months he would be forgotten—"a dead man, out of mind." Over this reflection she shed bitter tears, which Martha strove to arrest by dry and sober argument.

"My darling," said she, "you are very young and ignorant of life, or such ideas would not distress you. If *The Benevolent Mutual* had not turned out so unsatisfactorily, your father's daughter would have occupied quite another place in the hearts of these good people. In one of the few bits of poetry I ever learned poverty is said to 'freeze the genial current of the soul;' and that is true not only of the person who is poor, but of those who observe that he is so. The homes of your well-to-do neighbors would all have been open to you, had you not been in actual want of a home; but they are now very careful to assign a limit for your stay with them, lest you should stay on forever. I see by your blush that that is an uncomfortable idea to you, but it is so to them also. One of the doubtful gains which we reap from an experience of life is the capability of putting one's self in the place of others; which is peculiarly difficult for you to do, from your individual character as well as from your youth. Your dear father himself was older than I, but he never reaped it. He was impulsive and generous to the last, and had a magnificent contempt for cautious calculators. It made him many enemies, my dear, and—well, at least one friend."

Here Martha paused; and the hand she had laid upon Mabel's shoulder began to quiver; she had intended to be wholly logical; but they were in the dead man's very room—these two—bidding its bare walls and carpetless floor good-by, on the last night in the old home.

"Men often say of one that is dead, Mabel," continued Martha, with emotion, "'that they shall never see his like again;' but that is sober truth with respect to your poor father. Of course he was neither so good nor so wise as he might have been; but, in the matter of generous thought and kindly deed, I never knew his equal; and it would be a great misfortune, indeed, for you, my poor child, to enter the world with the idea that it is peopled by such as he. It would be very hard and unjust upon your fellow-creatures to judge them by such a standard. There is a vulgar saying that 'money is the touch-stone of the heart;' and though this is not quite true—since there are men that are very reckless with their money who have no hearts to be touched—it is in the main correct. No man acknowledges himself mean, even to himself, any more than he acknowledges himself ungrateful; and from long habit he becomes most ingenious in glossing over what is amiss with him in this respect, and inventing excuses for his conduct. Women, in particular, are adepts at this form of self-deception. They will refuse aid to their own sisters 'upon principle' (a form of words which is almost invariably used in apology for a baseness); or 'for fear of inducing a habit of dependence;' or 'lest they should seem to be encouraging imprudence.' It is necessary to stand on this exceedingly high ground in order to discover these excuses; and also not to see the obvious need which renders it disgraceful to be looking for them."

Mabel remembered how Mrs. Marshall, a very different character from Martha, had spoken upon the same matter, and how similar had been her verdict. "Perhaps you are right," sighed she; "but I was not thinking of money matters, or mere giving, at all."

"That is what it all comes to, however, my darling," said Martha, quietly, "when, as Cousin Job says, 'it is fried.' Of course you don't want these people's money, nor, indeed, their help, in any way; but they are chary of their sympathy (which you *do* want), for fear you should."

"I think Mr. Duncombe—such an old friend of dear papa's—might have written a line," said Mabel, "since he could not come to the funeral."

"Mr. Duncombe has written, my darling."

"Oh, Martha," cried Mabel, reproachfully, "you have made me think very unjustly, and—"

"Pray forgive me, dear. Perhaps it was ill-judged, but I feared lest something which he wrote might cause you—for my sake, you know—to give up our little scheme of life, and—he did tell me not to show you his letter unless I thought it desirable to do so—I meant to give it you as soon as we got down to Brackmere, and were nicely settled; I did indeed."

"Let me see his letter."

"It is quite at the bottom of my big box, my darling, I was so afraid of your getting at it; but I can tell you what he said, almost word for word. I used to think Mr. Duncombe cared for nothing besides port-wine and legs of woodcock, and I did not scruple to say so; but your father was right in standing by his friend.—'I write to you, madam,' says Mr. Duncombe, 'not because you have ever shown yourself my ally, but because, in spite of some foolish prejudices and narrow views of life, you are a sensible woman: you will know best whether what I have to offer to my dead friend's daughter in her need is worth her acceptance, and, indeed, I leave it to your own judgment as to whether the proposition shall be made at all. It is not what I could wish it to be. It is not, believe me, what it would have been could I have foreseen this calamity ten years ago. But the fact is, imagining that I had no one to look after but myself, I have always lived up to my income, and—excellent madam, I fall on my knees—a little beyond it. Well, with respect to the present emergency, I have just been to consult a man of money, one Pickles Thornton—'"

"Thornton!" exclaimed Mabel; "are you sure that was the name?"

"Thornton—yes; why not? It seems to me that Pickles is more open to doubt. Do you happen to know any gentleman so wronged by his sponsors?"

"No, dear, no. Pray go on."

"'And the advice he gives to me is this: Buy a presentation for the young lady to the Ecclesiastical Retreat. This is, it seems, an asylum for clergymen's daughters, considerably superior to the usual run of such institutions; and, in fact, a suitable residence for any young lady. I can command, or at least procure, the sum requisite for this purchase; but, of course, Miss Mabel need not know the method pursued, nor my personal share in the transaction. Pickles himself, who is a governor of the place, will arrange every thing, in case you think favorably of the matter, and the presentation will be sent in the usual course. I inclose a lithograph of the Retreat—an apparently palatial residence—and regret exceedingly that I have put it out of my own power to offer to Miss Denham—what, I fear, it can hardly be the substitute for—a home.'"

"I wish you had shown me Mr. Duncombe's letter before, Martha," said Mabel, gravely.

"You surely would not have accepted his offer?" cried Martha, in alarm.

"No, dear, I should not; but it would have saved me a heartache to know that it had been made. Was there—" Here Mabel's voice faltered a little. "I know you have done it for the best, and I forgive you beforehand; but have you kept back any other letter from me, Martha?"

If Mr. Thornton the elder knew what had happened, Richard, thought the poor girl, must also have known. The wild idea that *he* might have written had flashed on her brain.

"Certainly not, my child. I should not have kept back this but that it was left to my own judgment to do so. You will write to him now, of course."

"I—never!" cried Mabel. "That is—what am I saying— Of course I'll write to Mr. Duncombe. How delicate, as well as kind, his letter is!"

"Yes—'Duncombe's value increases every day,' said your father once; 'because, you see, he is a gentleman, and the breed is dying out.'"

Mabel wrote, that very night, some words that pierced through many folds of fat, and melted a bon-vivant's heart. She loved the old college don for having proved his right to be called her father's friend. It was unreasonable, she whispered to herself, that those who had not known her father should express regret for his loss. It was out of the question that Richard, for instance, should have written. How foolish and wrong of her to have dreamed of his doing so! And as for the Professor, whose golden amulet was the only ornament she wore—well, perhaps he had found a megatherium, or other antediluvian trifle, which was monopolizing his attention. Poverty was the weeder of the garden of friends, and had done its worst in her case, as in others. That was all.

There was, indeed, immediate need of all Mabel's stock of philosophy. The farewell to faithful Mary, who had offered in vain to live with her dear young mistress without wage, exhausted her little balance in that respect, and overdrew the account. The driving from the rectory door, that was never more to open at her bidding, was an ordeal which she had so often pictured to herself in all its wretchedness that its sting was dulled. The tortured soul, unlike the bruised body, which with every beating grows more tender, has less and less capacity for pain the deeper the iron eats into it; but it dies a hundred deaths in a hundred ways. There was one sad picture which had not presented itself to Mabel's imagination, although it had supped on horrors of a like kind—the last look of the church, seen through the trees after they had left the village, with the sun shining full upon the chancel window, under which the dead man lay. How cruel it seemed to leave him! Would it not have been possible to live in some humble cottage near his resting-place until the time came for them to meet again?

The noise and bustle of the railway station dispelled these tender dreams. Unhappily, the Moorcombes were on the platform, and greetings and condolences had to be exchanged. How "dreadfully distressed" her ladyship was, and "how nice it would have been if Mabel could have come to the Grange;" and "yet, perhaps, after all, there was nothing like complete change of scene." Sir John was not so demonstrative, but he shook her hand with honest warmth.

"You will remember that your father had a friend in me, my dear," said he, almost in a whisper; "if ever you need one yourself—"

"Ahem!" said her ladyship, significantly.

The baronet had fits of thoughtless generosity—prodigality, indeed—which had to be watched and guarded against by his natural protector; and when he made a promise, however ridiculous, such was the man's obstinacy that he would keep it.

"Well, at all events, my dear," said she, with fine-lady fervor, "this opportunity of seeing you, after we had thought we said good-by, is most delightful. See, Robert has secured a compartment, so we shall have you—and—Miss Barr, of course—all to ourselves."

Mabel looked despairingly at Martha, who, in reply, exhibited two blue tickets.

"We are going second-class," observed Mabel.

This unprecedented position of affairs was too much for even Lady Moorcombe's justly celebrated tact and *usage du monde*.

"God bless my soul!" muttered Sir John.

Fortunately the engine at that moment shrieked with impatience.

"*Good*-by," exclaimed her ladyship, and hurried into the carriage.

Martha and Mabel took their humbler seats, and were just about to congratulate themselves on being alone, when, as the train moved on, the door was flung open, and in jumped Robert, Sir John's man. He would have jumped out again, at the risk of his neck, but for Mabel's good-natured smile.

The world goes round, and the stars move on in their courses, notwithstanding that these things happen; cases of shipwreck are described, wherein people of all classes are thrown together indiscriminately, even for months. It would almost seem as though Providence did not invariably keep its eye upon Society. Philosophers and critics may say what they like, but I contend that it was exceedingly embarrassing for Mabel to have to sit in the same carriage with Robert, between whom and herself no conversation had ever passed beyond, "Haunch of mutton, miss?"—"Thanks," at the Grange dinner-table.

And it was infinitely worse for Robert. He blushed, and shuffled with his shoes. It would have been a relief to him to have used his pocket-handkerchief, but he did not dare. He had purchased, as literary aliment for the journey, a copy of the *Illustrated Criminal Record*, but he had to keep it in his pocket for fear the wood-cuts should alarm the young lady. By way of making matters easier for him, Martha Barr asked this young man if he was married; in his intense confusion—for he was a modest youth—he answered "Yes," then "No;" then became red and silent, wishing that he had never been born.

At the first station, muttering something about an apple in order to cover his retreat, he rushed frantically out in the direction of the refreshment-room, and never returned.

"Poor Robert," said Mabel, smiling; "I am afraid we have frightened him away."

"Yes, my darling, it was very unfortunate," sighed Martha, "after I had taken such pains to prevent any thing unpleasant."

"How so, dear? Not that there *was* any thing unpleasant."

"Well, I mean by taking second-class tickets as far as Didcot. We change there, you know, and after that— We're not very rich, now, my darling, you see, and Brackmere is a long way off, so I'm afraid we shall have to go third-class."

"Why not?" said Mabel, simply.

"Well, some folks think that people *bite* in the third-class—as though it were the cattle-train."

"You must think me very proud and very silly, Martha. I hoped that you had had a better opinion of me, and would have begun as we were to go on."

"Well, at *your own station*, dear, I thought I would just stretch a point; and it's very vexing to find that the very thing has happened which one endeavored to avoid."

"My dear Martha," cried Mabel, embracing her old friend, "let this be a lesson to you not to spoil me any more; let the rod of Adversity correct me for my own sake; I have much, very much, to learn, and, I fear, much to lose."

"No, no, it is not much to lose," said Martha, who had taken out her leathern purse, and was performing with dumb lips some abstruse calculation over its contents. "Two and four and two and four is four and eight-pence; well, we must make our pears and sandwiches serve us instead of that half-crown dinner at the junction—that's all."

CHAPTER XXII.

A DOLL'S HOUSE.

"Poverty, my friends," observed an ancient (and modern) divine, whom I had once the pleasure to hear preach, "is attended with many inconveniences, and more particularly is this true," he added, sinking his voice to the most confidential tone, "of *abject poverty*." It was evident that he believed himself to have given the congregation "a tip," which they could not easily have derived from any other source. However, if mistaken on that point, this good clergyman's statement was undoubtedly a correct one. The poverty which so often forms the subject of eulogium is, in fact (or ought to be), not poverty at all, as the poor understand it, but simply moderate means—the desire of him who prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." This shrewd sentiment is worth all the romantic rubbish about cultivating literature on a little oat-meal, all the philosophic indifference to comfort, all the pseudo-religious delight in dirt and horse-hair. That riches harden the heart, and make gross the soul, is very true; but not more so than that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." To have to live from hand to mouth; to have to look at every sixpence before you spend it; to "be cutting and contriving" all day long to make things fit, as though life were a Chinese puzzle; to struggle and strain, as though one was strapping a portmanteau, at making both ends meet—this is a condition of affairs that seldom bears good fruit. Slavery to mammon, when mammon represents a quarter of a million, is disgusting and despicable; but slavery to a four-penny piece is also to be deprecated. Of course the question of what is riches, and what is poverty, is a relative one; but moderate means may be well defined as, Means with a margin. It is, indeed, pretended that "he who owes no man," or who "lives within his income," is, in a sense, rich. But if this is only *just* effected, if, though there be no lack, there is nothing *over*, this envied individual is, in effect, as one in mid-ocean in a ship which is warranted to float only so long as the "sea disturbance" never exceeds five. Upon the least emergency, and when the balance of expense is the least disturbed, like the poor *Captain* with its too scanty freeboard, down he goes.

Now Martha Barr's income was one of those so exactly calculated to eke out for the ordinary twelve months that leap-year was a strain upon it. Groceries, butcher-meat, loaves—not fishes, for fish was dear at Brackmere—were items for which pecuniary provision was made beforehand to a nicety; in short, every thing was "constant," except her charities, which varied as the demand for them, and these put her to the sorest straits of all. The addition, therefore, of Mabel to her little household was a matter of the gravest importance; a difficulty, however, which her grateful guest, fortunately for her own peace of mind, had no means of estimating. "Bellevue Terrace," in which Martha resided, consisted, indeed, of the very smallest houses—to be called such—that Mabel had ever seen. When you entered the lobby, a single stride would have taken you into either of the three rooms that formed the basement story; when you entered the dining-room, and held the door open, the other tenant of that apartment, if such there was, had to retreat into the bow-window. At the top of the stairs "the landing" might be said to be dangerous, it was so narrow; you seemed to be in a ship's cabin, surrounded with lockers, which were the bedroom doors. One of these chambers had been the drawing-room, but it had been fitted up as a sleeping-room for Mabel, and a bright little bower it was. She understood at once that this transformation had been accomplished, and taxed her hostess with it.

"You promised me," pleaded she, "that no difference should be made on my account; and the first thing you have done is to deprive yourself of your drawing-room—"

"A hall of state, my dear," whispered Martha, confidentially, "which always oppressed my spirits, and gave my excellent Rachel endless trouble. The attention she lavished upon that room, in the way of feather-brushing and yellow gauze—just as if the looking-glass had been a peach-tree, and the flies blackbirds—quite exhausted her. Moreover, my darling, now we have no reception-room, there will be an excuse for not entertaining quite as much—though we shall not be without our visitors, I dare say—and generally for drawing in our horns."

The phrase so exactly fitted the little house that Mabel could not help smiling.

"But I am sure, Martha," urged she, "that that little room next to yours would have suited me capitally, and been quite big enough."

"Hush! hush! That is my good Rachel's," whispered Martha; "we could not turn her out, you know. She can't sleep down stairs, because it is so lonesome, although, indeed, there are plenty of black beetles. I am sure my Rachel has taken to you already."

"That is very good of her," said Mabel. "I think I'll just step down, and help her up with the luggage. Nay, Martha"—for her hostess blocked the way with a reproving finger—"I am not going to be a fine lady any longer, I do assure you, who can do nothing for herself—"

"Hush!" interrupted Martha, in the same cautious tone; "you and *I* will bring up your box, and so on. My good Rachel is a most estimable person, and invaluable in a house—quite a *chef* in the way of cookery, and would make a bed with any woman in England; but she is a little peculiar."

At which mysterious word Martha pursed her lips and nodded her head in a manner that led Mabel to apprehend that her good Rachel was a little mad. That she was "peculiar" was positively certain. In the first place, she had only one eye; and if she had really "taken to Mabel," that organ was not an index of her mind, for it had regarded her with unmistakable malevolence. This domestic was tall and angular in figure, and very grim, save for an occasional convulsion of the features, with one of which—supposed to be a smile of welcome—she had received her mistress on her return.

"All well, Rachel?" the latter had cheerily inquired.

"The cat's ill, ma'am, and the beetles be woss than ever. It's my belief that they've disagreed with him."

"Well, well, we must try something else to get rid of them," had been her mistress's conciliatory reply. "You see I've brought you our promised visitor."

At this pointed reference to the duties of hospitality there was an expression in Rachel's face such as ensues in others only upon mortal struggle with a fish-bone. Then she had vanished down the kitchen stairs, for the obvious reason that there was no room for her elsewhere, but with the air of a patriot unjustly exiled.

"The fact is, if my good Rachel has a weakness," continued Martha, "it lies in a mistaken sense of duty. She leaves nothing undone—that I will say—which ought reasonably to be expected of her, but she is very punctilious about what it is 'her place' to do. Hence arises this little difficulty; and now I'll leave you to unpack."

The difficulty in question being the getting Mabel's leathern box up the cabin stairs, accomplished upon Martha's part—who insisted upon being the one to go backward—only by infinite perseverance, and a determination of blood to the head.

While Mabel was still engaged in unpacking she heard a bell ring, or rather tingle, just as those very little bells are wont to do when struck by a marble in the child's game of cockamaroo, or by a ball in the centre hoops of croquet. She concluded at once that this was Martha's timid summons to Rachel. It seemed to say: "I *do* want you, my good creature; but, pray, do not put yourself out. If you are pleasantly engaged, forgive me. I am quite distressed at having tingled." Presently there was a knock at her door, so soft that it might have been the twin-sister of the other sound.

"My dear, I hope you are nearly ready. Did you not hear the bell? I have no doubt Rachel has got something nice and tasty; and if it spoils, why, that will naturally—"

"I did hear a bell; but I thought it was you ringing for Rachel."

"No, dear; no, my child. The fact is"—here Martha hesitated, nervously—"I don't ring for Rachel; that is—not my *bedroom* bell. You see it brings her up all those stairs so unnecessarily, once to hear what one requires, and again to go and get it. I find it more convenient to come out on the landing, and call over the balusters for what I want. Now don't you think that a good plan?"

Mabel thought it an excellent plan—for Rachel, and smiled approval.

"I am so sorry to be late, dear Martha."

"Don't mention it, my dear; or at least, perhaps it *would* be just as well to mention it—to explain how it happened, so that she will understand that it is not likely to occur again. Not, of course, that any apology is due to Rachel: that would be ridiculous; she knows her place much too well. Oh, my goodness, pray make haste! How she *is* ringing that bell!"

Here the tingle ceased, and some small, hard object seemed to strike upon the oil-cloth that paved the hall.

"Dear me, she has rung the tongue out!" cried Martha, in alarm. "I've only known her do that once before. My good Rachel is a most invaluable person; but just now and then—especially in the autumn—a little hasty in her temper. One can't have every thing, however, and it is foolish to expect perfection."

It would have been exceedingly foolish, or, at all events, very disappointing, to have expected perfection in Martha Barr's retainer; had that lady, in fact, been a person devoted to social ambition, the fiction of her keeping a domestic servant at all, in the person of Rachel, might have been set down to sheer boastfulness and pride. Their relative positions seemed rather to be those of lodging-house keeper and of tenant behindhand in the rent—such a high-handed virago was Rachel, such a diffident humble suppliant in all respects was her nominal mistress. The latter had originally engaged this myrmidon because she was ill-favored and chronically out of place; and obligation working in Martha's case (as in some good folks it does) as favor works with others, she had grown more and more her debtor, until there was no possibility of release. What underlay her misplaced attachment for this cyclops was, without doubt, the conviction that if she cast her forth Rachel would starve; but she had really contrived to persuade herself that the woman had good qualities, and had so defended and stood by her—for her foes were many—that, like some commercial house which has made advances beyond reason to a failing merchant, she now continued her support for the sake of her own credit almost as much as for that of her client. It was curious, but by no means contrary to human experience, that Martha Barr was herself an excellent domestic manager, and recognized a good servant or a bad one at a glance in other households; and the reputation that she enjoyed in this respect among her friends had been, and was, of incalculable advantage to Rachel, who would otherwise have, long ago, in that court which sits in perpetual judgment upon "the greatest plague of life"—the jury of matrons—been pronounced an uncertificated bankrupt.

At supper the chops were burned outside, and would have suggested the idea that they were "done to a cinder," whereas the cook had prepared what gastronomers call a "surprise," inasmuch as the interior was almost raw; while the potatoes had not only that attribute so praised by Irishmen, of having "the bone left in them," but were throughout of the consistency of a green apple. The plates, however, it must be acknowledged, had seen more of the fire than their contents; and the hostess took occasion to remark that "if there was one thing more than another for which Rachel could be relied upon, it was for having the plates hot."

If the viands had been ever so tempting, it would not have made much difference to Mabel, whose appetite was far from keen.

"You have gone through a good deal to-day, my darling," said her kindly hostess, "and yet you eat like a sparrow. I must insist upon your having a glass of wine. It is not usual for me to have wine, as you see, from Rachel not having put out the glasses; but this one occasion must be an exception—not that it is a gala night to you, God knows, my child. I can guess very well what you are thinking about, and I feel for you with all my heart: this is a poor house and scanty fare."

"Martha!" cried Mabel, starting up; "what do you take me for? Why are you so cruel and unjust? When have I shown myself capable of entertaining such base thoughts as you impute to me?"

"Base thoughts, my darling; stuff and nonsense! Of course there is a mighty difference between the rectory and this doll's house; you may not feel it to-day, because your mind is busy with farewells and regrets; but you must needs feel it in time. Well, I can give you but one thing as good and genuine as even the rectory was wont to offer—here's the glass, dear; and see, I pour myself out another to the brim: it's a welcome, my dear Mabel. Your health, dear child, and welcome, from the bottom of my heart."

To see Martha Barr drain her glass (it was filled up to the cut instead of the brim, and contained about two thimblefuls), then clasp Mabel's hand, was quite a bacchanalian spectacle.

"It's good wine, my child, and fit to drink such a toast as this in, for it came from your own father's cellar. He sent me a dozen of it when I was recovering from an ague, twenty years ago; and there is but another bottle left. That shall be opened on the day when I see you married, Mabel, to the man you love—for you will love some man some day, lassie, for all you shake your pretty head; it is not reasonable that you should wither away alone through life, like me and Rachel. There's a good girl; but you should drink it up to the last drop, as I used to tell you in old days, when you used to be so naughty with your senna. It's a sin and a shame to waste such wine as that. Mr. Simcoe says there is nothing like it in all Brackmere—not even at the *George*, where the Princess Charlotte once put up at—and he's an excellent judge. Upon my life, I don't know what to do about it," added Martha, standing irresolute, with the decanter in one hand and the stopper in the other.

"Don't know what to do about *what*, my dear?" asked Mabel, wiping from her eyes the tears evoked by the kindly welcome of her old friend.

"Why, about giving a glass of this wine to Rachel. It seems so ill-natured not to offer a drop to the good creature on an occasion of this sort, for she's a kind, sympathizing soul. But then she has often told me that spirits disagree with her dreadfully, and perhaps it may be the same with port-wine. You have no idea what a delicate liver my excellent Rachel has!"

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

On one of the most beautiful sites in the neighborhood of Washington stands an edifice of singular attractiveness, known as "The Soldiers' Home," of which we give a sketch on page 236. For this excellent institution the country is largely indebted to the foresight of General Winfield Scott, who urged its foundation upon the government. The Home, our readers will remember, was the chosen summer residence of President Lincoln, whose patriotic sense of duty would not permit him to seek, at more distant places of resort, relaxation from the arduous labors and responsibilities of his position during the continuance of the war.

THROWN INTO THE SHADE.

On the 28th of October, 1806, the first Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Berlin. All Germany was prostrate at his feet, her military power broken by a series of defeats hardly less humiliating than those of Gravelotte and Sedan. French satraps occupied the thrones of German princes, and the country of the great Frederick was, to all appearance, reduced to a condition of perpetual vassalage to her powerful neighbor. The present Emperor of Germany was a boy of ten years when this event took place; and if, during his recent sojourn in Versailles, he ever paused before the picture of Napoleon, as represented in Mr. Nast's powerful cartoon, we may easily imagine the current of his thoughts. No vulgar sentiment of personal triumph, we may be sure, filled his mind, as his thoughts ran backward through the years to the time when the sun of the Prussian monarchy went down in blood, and the proud house of the Hohenzollerns seemed to be doomed to sink back into the insignificance from which it had been raised by the genius of Frederick. As he recalled the terrible humiliation of his house and nation, the grand uprising of his people to throw off the foreign yoke, the folly of the man who had again provoked war between the two nations, and the wonderful course of events which had borne him a victor to the walls of Paris, doubtless the deepest feeling of his heart was, "What hath God wrought!"

The picture has another meaning for those who choose to follow out its suggestive imagery; for the shadow of the living Emperor falling on the portrait of the dead may justly typify the ascendency of a peace-loving though warlike nation over one that pursues military glory for its own sake. Peace will be the motto of the new empire; and let us hope that its greatness and prosperity will cast all the military traditions of the world into the shade.

AN EAST INDIAN CUSTOM.

"I wish she'd go! I have nothing to say to her. And yet what am I to do to get her off?" is said to have been the "aside" of an eminent English statesman, distinguished almost as much by his absence of mind as by his administrative powers, when calling upon a lady, and after going through the ordinary round of morning commonplace, taking it into his head that the lady was his visitor. And Lord Blank's difficulty with his imaginary visitor represents one of the perplexities which most of us are apt to find ourselves in every now and then with people who do not know when to go. You may cut a bore short with your watch. But you can't talk of appointments to a lady, and ask her to excuse you—unless she happens to be *passé*, or your mother-in-law, or a poor relation, and then perhaps policy may require a touch of masterly rudeness; and why may we not acclimatize a very pretty custom which prevails in India, with any little variation, of course, that the circumstances of our position may require? After you have run through the Indian gamut of commonplace, which is not very much longer, although perhaps a trifle more poetical than our own, and the position is becoming embarrassing, your host rises, gives you two parcels of betel wrapped up in leaves, drops a little attar of roses into your hands, sprinkles you with rose-water, and the interview is at an end. The custom itself is a pretty one, and, as the intimation which it is intended to convey implies no reflection upon the guest, it might be brought into use at home.

THE COMMISSIONERS' HOUSE.

We give on page 236 a sketch of the elegant mansion of Mr. Franklin Philp, of Washington, which has been leased by the British minister as a residence for the English members of the Joint High Commission during their sojourn in this country. It is considered one of the finest private houses in Washington, and the furnishing is of a style corresponding to the exterior. A magnificent collection of water-colors, probably the best and most extensive in the United States, is not the least of its many attractions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A chaplain of the State prison, an enthusiastic devotee of the temperance reform, had the idea that most of the convicts were incarcerated because of the use of whisky. In his round he met a sturdy man of many stripes, and put the usual question to him, "Had whisky any thing to do with bringing you here?" "Every thing, Sir, every thing," exclaimed the man. The chaplain was encouraged, and eagerly inquired how it was. "Well, Sir, I'll tell you how it was. The judge was drunk, and the lawyers were all drunk, and they fetched me in guilty."

If a man sleighs all day, can he be said to kill time?

Some thoughtful individual, after duly considering the subject of woman suffrage, raises a serious inquiry, which he propounds in the following fashion: "S'posing that—a—now—Olive Logan, f'r instance, should be made President of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires, and all that, she'd be President Logan, wouldn't she? Well, now, s'posing she was to marry, say a man by the name of—of Perkins, f'r instance, would she be President Logan, or President Perkins?"

The royal "carpet-bagger" is what they call the new King of Spain.

A gentleman took a lady out to ride the other evening, and came home with a false curl attached to the button on the side of his cap. He wonders how it could have got there.

A Limited Monarchy—Napoleon's dynasty.

An editor out West says that he is so short-sighted that he often rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pencil.

The Chicago women find a mild form of dissipation in chewing gum. A pious lady of fashion has announced to her friends her intention of keeping Lent this year by giving up her gum till Easter—if she can.

English Style.—"Well, if a haitch hand a ho hand a har hand a hess hand a hee don't spell 'orse, then my name hain't 'Enry 'Ill."

American Style.—"Wa'al, if h-o-r-s-e don't spell hoss, then you can shoot me."

Town Pumps—Local editors.

An Irish girl went to an apothecary for some castor-oil, to be mixed with something which should disguise its taste. On being asked if she liked soda-water, she replied in the affirmative, when the apothecary gave her a glass seasoned with lemon and the oil. But she still lingered, waiting, and presently asked for the oil again, when the man informed her that she had already taken it. "Oh, gracious!" she cried, "I wanted it for a man who is sick."

The Quietest Thing in Veils—Nuns.

They do business with dispatch in Texas. A man in a certain neighborhood, who had lost a valuable mare, received the following by telegraph: "Mare here. Come get her. Thief hung."

"You are a coward!" said a low cockney to a poor countryman who had refused to fight. "No, I bean't," said the countryman; "I have nothing to do with *cows*. I am a *shepherd*."

When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

To Young Ladies.—Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, but half shut afterward.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from?

Judge B——, in reprimanding a criminal, among other names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the Judge, reddening.

An Irish judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship; "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

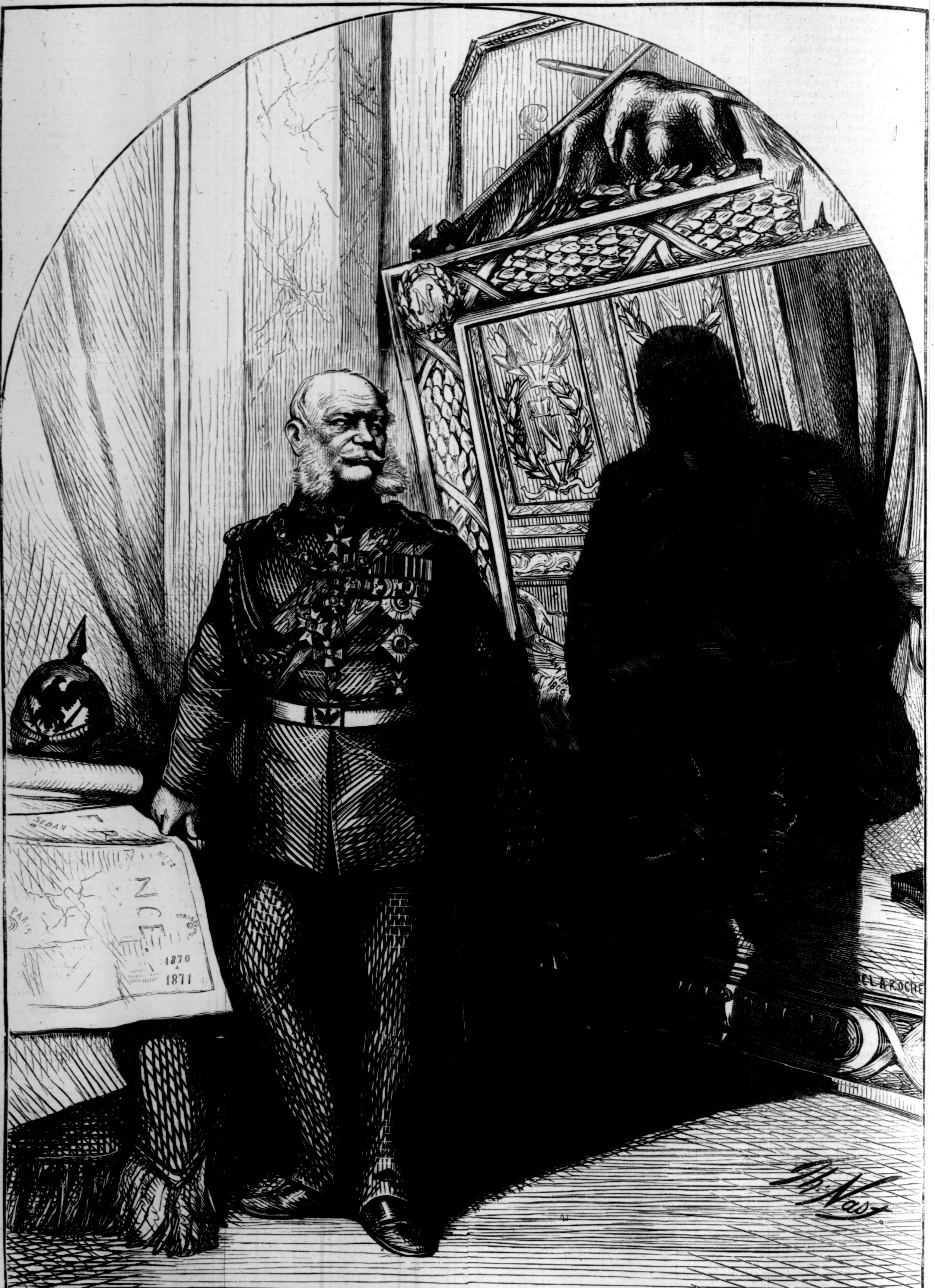
A Massachusetts paper tells of a colored woman who had been lately converted, but was so unfortunate as to fly into a passion over the misdoings of one of her neighbor's youngsters. Her mistress remarked upon the impropriety of such conduct in the case of one about to join the church, and received this frank response: "I have 'sperienced religion, an' I's gwine to join the church; but, Miss B——, I'll scald dat nigger furst."

The greatest "pain annihilator" in existence is said to be an Indian boy, who has smashed 1000 windows this year.

A man who pretended to have seen a ghost was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead* languages."

The night editor of a daily paper wrote this headline to one of his cable dispatches: "The British Lion shaking his Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The British Lion skating in Maine."

It chanced, one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman; "but consider how *short the days are* at this time of the year."


SEDAN
FRANCE
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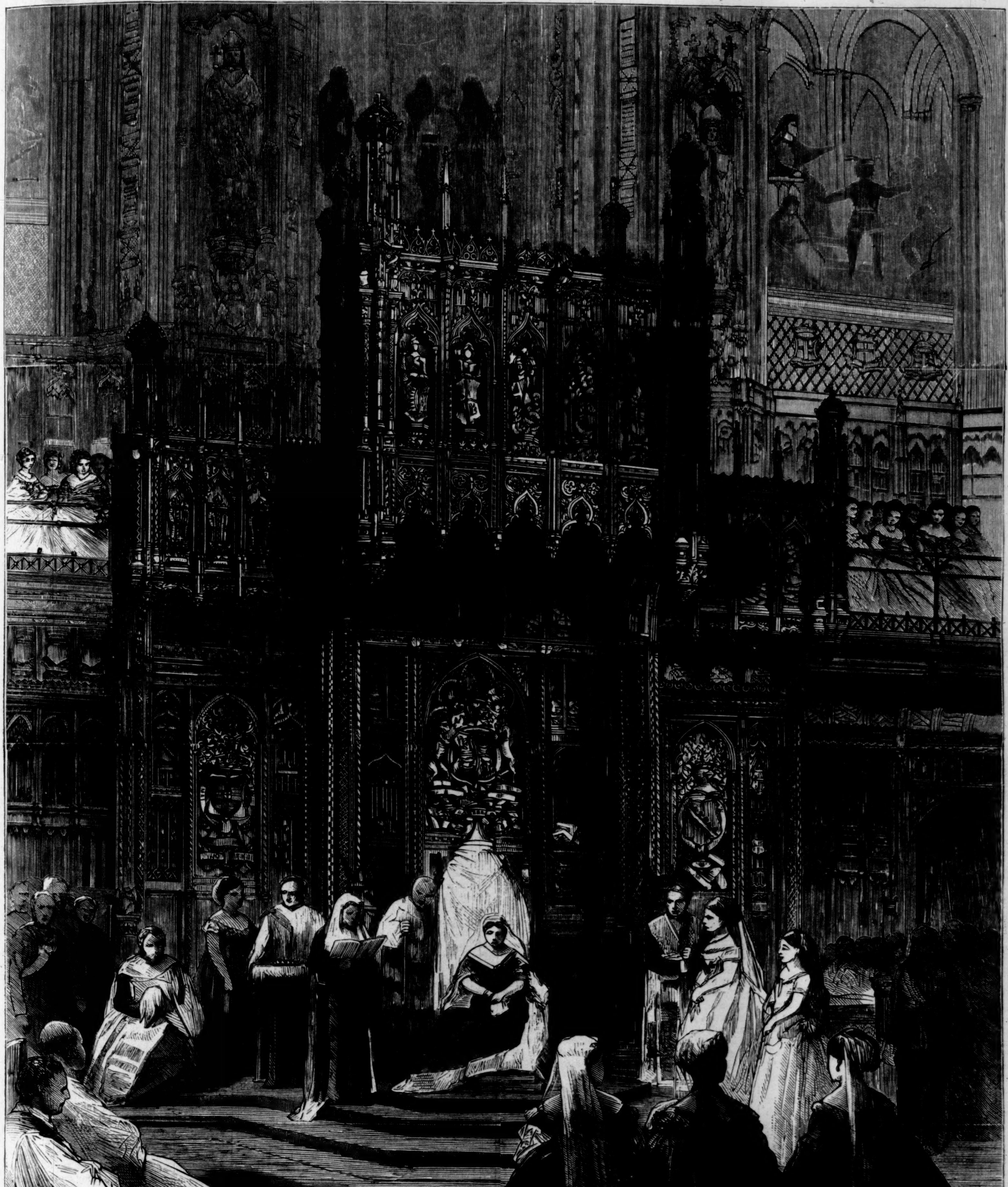
1870 à 1871
GERMANY 1806
DELAROCHE

THROWN COMPLETELY INTO THE SHADE.



THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—[See Page 243.]

ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY-TREE,

PLANTED BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; FELLED BY THE REV. F. GASTRELL.

This tree, here fall'n, no common birth or death
Shared with its kind. The world's enfranchised son,
Who found the trees of Life and Knowledge one,
Here set it, frailer than his laurel wreath.
Shall not the wretch whose hand it fell beneath
Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?
Lo! Sheppard, Turpin, pleading with black tongue
This viler thief's unsuffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary, Shakspeare! whence almost,
And whence alone, some name shall be revealed
For this deaf drudge, to whom no length of ears
Sufficed to catch the music of the spheres;
Whose soul is carrion now—too mean to yield
Some tailor's ninth allotment of a ghost.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

SPELL-BOUND.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

I.—HOW THE SPELL WAS WOVEN.

It was during the days of the first stay I had ever made away from my home that the story of my life began. I am an old maid now, a woman of thirty-five, with a pale, thin face and a heavy step, and a streak of silver amidst the brown hair on either temple. But fifteen years ago I was a light-hearted, light-footed, light-headed, handsome girl, of whom great things were expected.

Mine was a country home, but it was neither a very quiet nor a very dull one. We were a large family of laughter-loving boys and girls; and our father was a wealthy man; and not only a wealthy man, but a hospitably minded man, who kept what is technically termed open house—that is to say, he made welcome and entertained all comers who were known to him or neighbors to him.

I was the eldest daughter, and, by right of seniority, was very much in the confidence of my father and the company of my mother. It is not too much to say that they both idolized me; and their pride in me was so perfect and so pure that the memory of it has been my safeguard through many years of trial.

It was tacitly understood, out of the family as well as in it, that "pretty Maude Chichester," as I was called, was expected to marry well. I myself had visions, more or less misty, of some one who had not appeared yet, who should unite in his own person the charms of both Adonis and Crœsus—be, in fact, a sort of Admirable Crichton, with all the modern improvements.

My home was so happy, and I was so happy in it, that it was with a feeling of dissatisfaction almost that I learned that I was asked to go and spend a month of the season with Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay, an old friend of my father's, who had visited us once when I was a child, and then had disappeared from our midst as utterly as if she never had been. I remembered her, when this invitation came to me, as a slight, graceful, fascinating woman, with no great beauty of person, but gifted with an elegance of manner that was bewildering, and with a subtile power of pleasing that amounted to genius. I remembered, too, that my mother had not appreciated these gifts; and, somehow or other, much as I liked gayety, I disliked the idea of going to stay with Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay.

I spoke to my mother about this unwillingness, and she laughed at me.

"You dear silly child," she said, "go for my sake. I shall feel very proud for Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay, who always looked upon me as a nonentity, to see my daughter. Besides, Maude, we want you to see society, and to be seen by it, and Mrs. Ramsay will introduce you well."

My younger sisters envied me hugely and openly when they saw the wardrobe that was prepared for my visit. It is one thing to be considered well dressed in the country, and another to be considered well dressed in town, and my mother fully recognized the distinction. I had some dresses from Paris, and these served as models for others to be made by; and so, altogether, I went out well prepared with the munitions of woman's warfare.

My father took me up to town, and on our way he gave me a slight sketch of Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay. "We were both young when I knew her first," he said; "and she was just married to Ramsay, who's an excellent fellow, and was enormously rich at the time. Since then they have had reverses, but I suppose he's all right again now."

"Got another fortune, do you mean, papa?" I asked, wonderingly.

"He has had several fortunes, and lost them on the Stock Exchange; but I hope that he has secured something now. She isn't a woman to endure poverty in her old age."

"She's very nice, isn't she?" I asked, dubiously.

"She's bewitching," my father said, earnestly. "But—" then he hesitated slightly, and at last added—"she isn't quite what your mother calls trust-worthy. I promised I would tell you this, and now I have told you; but you mustn't let it prejudice you against her. Her temperament is a variable one, and it makes her act and speak inconsistently sometimes. She's the offspring of two brilliant nationalities—of an Irish father and a French mother. I'm very much mistaken if you are not devoted to her before you have been with her a week."

"Mamma wasn't devoted to her, was she?" I asked.

My father laughed. "Your mother thought her a humbug, my dear; but that won't prevent your finding her uncommonly agreeable," he said; and I made up my mind that I would not be led away into liking an untrustworthy woman, however agreeable she might be.

My intentions were built upon the sand. I had not been an hour in Mrs. Ramsay's atmosphere before they crumbled away into nothingness. I can recall her vividly as I saw her first, and experience again the same sensations of gratified taste and perplexed admiration with which she filled me then.

We had been ushered through a shady, fern-adorned hall, up a staircase that had brackets at every third step supporting pots of richly colored flowers, along a sumptuously carpeted little corridor, and finally into the sanctuary and presence of the mistress of the mansion.

"Show me a woman's favorite resort, and I will tell you what she is," is a sentiment that is frequently uttered. But Mrs. Ramsay's "favorite resort" was apt to confuse one's judgment respecting her and her tastes.

It was a long, lofty room, the ceiling painted with a mass of pale blue clouds, that merged into rosy Loves and Venuses in the centre. There were three windows on one side of the room, and these were draped with splendid Oriental stuffs and filmy white muslin. Between each window a cabinet stood, and on one of these a cross was placed, and on the other a good copy in marble of the Venus de Medici. In each window there was a jardinière; rare exotics filled two of them, and the third was filled with growing primroses. The wide velvet-covered mantel-piece supported Dresden jars, bronzes, Rose du Barri cups and saucers, scent-bottles, old German and Venetian glass, rosaries, Oxford frames with photographs of saints, ormolu frames with photographs of opera queens, flowers, a Rimmel's vaporizer, and a little incense-burner. Scattered about the room were *prie-dieu* chairs, nests of ottomans, fat, luxurious arm-chairs, couches of every imaginable shape, and swarms of spidery-legged tables covered with books. All sorts of incongruous books were there littered about in fascinating confusion. French novels and German studies in metaphysics, volumes of the old English dramatists, Heine's poems, and lectures by Newman and Lyddon.

At the end of the room, in the deep recesses of one of the fattest of the chairs, the mistress of all these things sat: a tall, slight, fair woman of about fifty, with a pale face, that would have been plain had it not been so animated and eager. At the very first glance I acknowledged her to be picturesque, peculiar, charming.

She was dressed in a loose violet silk garment, that fell unconfined from her shoulders, and draped her as classically as ever Greek art draped marble. About her head and neck there was a good deal of old cream-colored rich lace, and her fingers were heavily jeweled. "She can't walk about in the streets in that thing," was my first thought, as she rose up in her graceful height, and I saw that the violet silk still lay in sheeny, lustrous billows on the floor. She welcomed my father as an old and valued friend. One would have thought to hear her that he had been greatly in her thoughts since they had last met, whereas a closer knowledge of her character revealed to me the fact that she had never given one to him. And when she had said her rapid, prettily pronounced, forcible, and effective welcome to him, she turned to me.

I can't remember all she said now, and if I did remember it, my story would not be materially bettered by the repetition. All I do remember is that she made me feel very much pleased with myself, and with the prospect of her companionship for a time.

I soon found that the society into which she plunged me was as varied, attractive, dazzling, and mixed as were the adornments of her room. One day she would be making offers, that no one thought of accepting, of selling all her ornaments and personal trinkets, and giving the proceeds to the chapel of a sisterhood. The next day she would be calculating in what way she could most easily economize, in order that she might become possessed of a ruby bracelet or a diamond ring. One week politics would claim all her heart, all her soul, all her thoughts. The next, a new theatrical star would banish the memory of every other interest. And suddenly the theatrical star would sink into insignificance before the rising light of a spirit-rapping charlatan.

She was as changeable as a chameleon, as versatile as Queen Titania's darling Puck, as fickle as a Parisian mob. But she possessed in the highest degree woman's royal grace of charming. Her enthusiasms were infectious, though you knew them to be false. Her flatteries were elating, though you knew them to be fulsome. Her attentions were gratifying, though you knew them to be feigned. Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay was, on the whole, as delightful and as dangerous a chaperon as a young girl could have.

Her "admirably disordered" drawing-room was the trysting-place of a number of fashionable ladies and of semi-professional young men. Rising violinists, budding artists, popular young actors, flocked to Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay's house to Champagne luncheons, and kettle-drums, and delicious little "five-o'clock dinners," that were arranged to exactly suit the exigencies of play-going. Small wonder that these young men, many of whom were without a "local habitation and a name" as yet, were very much at the feet of the lady who catered so liberally for their creature comforts.

The brightest star of this galaxy of talent was a Mr. Harold Temple, a gentleman who had taken to painting, not only because he wanted to make money by it, but because he loved it, and believed in it, and did it well, as only those who do love it and believe in it can. He was a clever artist, and a polished man of the world; and Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay, among others, made much of him, and prognosticated great things of him.

I think that I was attracted toward him first, not by his great personal beauty, nor by his polished address, nor by his great talent, but by his supreme ambition. It was such a new thing to me to hear burning talk of a career. He used to come and sit for an hour or two in Mrs. Ramsay's drawing-room late at night, after he had been to dinners or to the opera (for he was a privileged person, and she suffered him to drop in at any hour, however untoward it might be), and talk excitedly of the vast room that there was for improvement in all the schools of art, and plan out possibilities of inaugurating a purer era.

Nor did he talk only. He was an earnest-minded, hard-working student, and he constantly brought us "studies" of some portions of the great pictures he was painting, and discussed them with us, until I began to patter the professional jargon quite freely. And on several occasions Mrs. Ramsay took me to his studio, where I saw him at his best—a genuine art-enthusiast, a successful man unspoiled by success, with every picturesque effect about him heightened by his accessories.

I have said that ten years ago I was a handsome girl; and he, at least, seemed to think so. He made me his model for countless Guineveres and Christabels and Mary Stuarts. And at last, one never-to-be-forgotten day, he threw his pencil aside, and came over to me, and clasped my hands in his, and pressed his lips on my brow, and told me that he loved me—loved me, and was ready to fight a hard fight to win me!

For an hour or two I was in a more perfect paradise than I had ever imagined, or can ever know again. For an hour or two I believed that Love would be lord of all, and would conquer the difficulties which, girl as I was, I foresaw were in my path. Ah me! the difficulties that I did *not* foresee were the ones that gave me my fall.

I leaped at once from girlhood and its delicious sense of irresponsibility into womanhood during those happy hours. Harold took me into his confidence at once, told me of his plans, his hopes and aspirations, and laid well and clearly before me his probabilities of success.

"I am a loyal servant to my art now. I must master it in time," he said to me; "and when I have mastered it your friends will leave off rallying you for having preferred me to one of the fine gentlemen with large estates who are favored by your father; but in the interim you must make up your mind to be looked upon as a little in the shade."

"What do you mean?" I asked, wonderingly. "There are no gentlemen, fine or otherwise, who are favored by my father, or who favor me."

"Are there not?" he said, laughing. "Then our well-beloved Mrs. Ramsay has been painting the lily with a vengeance. Mind you select a happy moment for telling her of this little affair, or she will be unpleasant."

"No, she won't; she's so fond of you," I interrupted.

"I know that," he said, dryly; "but she likes to play the part of Providence to her favorites, and she hadn't ordained this finale, I assure you;" and then he laughed again, and said he would like to see her face when I told her.

Before he left me that morning he had put our engagement ring on my finger. It was not the usual brilliant badge which is generally given on such occasions, but what I valued and admired much more—a large carved turquoise, a genuine antique, and a very beautiful one. I had often noticed it on Harold's finger, and I knew that my secret would soon cease to be one, as Mrs. Ramsay could not fail to mark it on mine.

For a time after my lover left me I sat in a happy day-dream. He was a god of power and intellect, of genius and beauty, to me, and my heart throbbed with gratitude that he had chosen me, and with pride as I pictured the way in which I should introduce him to my family. Presently my day-dream was dispelled by Mrs. Ramsay sweeping in with a little repressed air of displeasure. She was always a late riser, and this was her first appearance for the morning. "My dear Maude," she began, with the peculiar bell-like inflections in her voice which I had already learned to dread, "don't you think that you are a little imprudent? Hatcher tells me Harold Temple has been here again, and you received him."

"Of course I did," I blurted out, rather vehemently. "He came on purpose to sketch me in his 'Dream of Fair Women.'" Her eyes were on the ring, I saw, and so I hastened to add, "And before he went he asked me to be his wife, and I promised to be."

"Of course he did," she said, with such extraordinary calmness that I almost hated her. "You're just the sort of girl whom Harold Temple always does ask to be his wife."

"*Always does ask?*"

"Yes; you were not so terribly foolish as to take him to be in earnest, I hope?" she said, scoffingly; and I gave a great moan, and almost fell upon my knees, as I implored her to say that she was "not in earnest now."

Her slender hand came out from the lustrous silken sleeve, and laid itself upon my burning forehead. Involuntarily I shrank from it, and she drew it back in anger.

"Maude," she said, with dignity, "your infatuation is making you act absurdly; you have not taken the young man's ring, surely?"

"Surely I have!" I said, passionately.

"Such conduct in my house!" she said, apostrophizing the ceiling. "Commend me to country-bred girls for audacity, and that fastness which is the bane of modern society. Harold Temple is known to be involved in a difficulty that puts marriage out of the question. I shall write and tell him that I have told you this; it is my duty, as your temporary guardian, to tell you this, and save you trouble."

"Save me trouble! You are breaking my heart," I muttered.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Pray don't treat me to histrionics, Maude; I am in no mood for them to-day. I am too much annoyed with the way Harold Temple has abused my confidence; he gave me his promise that nothing of this sort should occur with any girl under my protection."

I could bear it no longer. He was in the habit, then, of winning other girls' hearts as he had won mine. "Why did you let me—let me—"

"Let you love him, my dear? It never occurred to me that you would, on such slight provocation," she said, coldly. And then I dragged the ring off my finger, and cried,

"Send it back to him!"

"For your own dignity's sake, send a line with it," she said. And I wrote,

> "Mrs. Ramsay has enlightened me respecting you. I return your ring, and bid you farewell.
>
> "MAUDE CHICHESTER."

She made it up daintily in an envelope, directed, and sent it to him; and then she counseled that I "should go home."

II.—THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

There came no answer, no remonstrance, no explanation from him, nor demand for an explanation from me in answer to that line, which might have been written with my heart's blood, for the agony it cost me. I bore it for three days—bore the gnawing disappointment, the terrible wound to my heart and pride, and Mrs. Ramsay's scarcely veiled looks of contemptuous pity, in silence; and at the end of three days I went home, renouncing all hope.

It was well for me—if any thing can be said to have been well for me—that I did so, for Harold Temple never made a sign. My father and mother found me altered, and sought for the cause of the alteration at first. But I could not be made to bare my wound. I think my father sought an explanation from my late hostess; but whether she gave him a true one or a false one I never knew. She drifted away from us entirely after that; left a letter of mine and a letter of my mother's unanswered, and never troubled her head about us again. And so my last chance of hearing any thing of Harold Temple faded.

His spell was over me powerfully. It was as the sight of water in a dry land to me to see his name in the public papers, and to read honorable mention made of his paintings. But after a time I searched in vain for one or the other, and at last I came to the bitter conclusion that he must be dead.

No one but myself can tell the agony of remorse that I used to go through at intervals. I had reft myself from him without sufficient cause, I soon came to feel. Why had I not borne in mind all that had been told me relative to the untrustworthiness of the woman who had marred my life and his for some idle or wicked purpose of her own? Why had I listened to the "whispered words that poison truth?"

No written words can convey any idea of the aching waste of years that followed, to those who have never loved as hotly, as despairingly, as regretfully as I did. And no words are needed to prove that it was agony, to those who have gone through the same great tribulation.

It came to be a generally understood thing in our neighborhood, though I never opened my lips to a human being about it, that pretty Maude Chichester had "been disappointed," as the phrase is, in London. My young sisters passed me in the race. They married, developed into happy, hearty matrons, and I staid on in the old home, and grew a gray-haired woman before my time. Always yearning for tidings of one of whom tidings never came.

In time I came to have a firm conviction that he was dead. I remembered his bright, ambitious talk, and told myself that if he had lived he would surely have distinguished himself in a way the sound of which would have penetrated to me. And I had this comfort, that if he was dead—*as* he was dead—he must know how true and faithful I had been to the love I had given him.

No thought of another man, no thought of the possibility of loving another man, ever obtruded itself between me and the memory of my lost hero. The spell he had cast over me was never weakened by the most transitory preference for another. My heart had been quickly won, but it was not lightly lost.

At last I heard his name; heard him mentioned as a living man; and the revulsion of feeling this mention caused me may not be lightly described. It was at a country dinner-party, among a party of friends, all of whom were well known to one another and to me; and perhaps it was the knowledge I had that they were all my friends that caused me to lose my self-control for a moment. At any rate, my mother, seated opposite to me, saw that in my face when his name was mentioned that told her the secret of my life.

A county magnate, a neighbor of ours, had been traveling in Italy lately, and now he had come home the proud possessor of a picture that he had "picked up for a song," as he said, in Rome. "It's a most interesting thing," he said; "the work of a man called Harold Temple. A *genre* picture of a high class. You must all come and lunch with me, and see it."

"What is the subject?" my mother asked, quietly; and I knew that her eyes were on my face as he gave the answer.

"Well, it's one of those luxurious interiors that the young men of the day are so fond of painting, only in this case the central figure is a man's, not a girl's; an artist's studio; a man standing at the easel with a most marvelously painted expression of bitter despair on his face, and in his hand a curiously carved turquoise ring; a servant is just leaving the room, and looking back wonderingly. That is all, but it took my fancy completely."

I felt my lips tighten and whiten. So he had felt the return of that ring, then—and made capital of his feelings!

"Did you buy the picture of the artist?" I ventured to ask at last; and I knew that my voice must have sounded strangely in the ears of the others, it sounded so strangely in my own.

"No," my old friend replied, "I bought it of a dealer. The artist is married now, and has vanished from the realms of art, I'm given to understand. Probably he married money, and has cut his profession; many of those young fellows do."

"Married money!" Oh, Harold! Harold! and for your sake I was a blighted woman! There are some things hard to understand.

From that moment—from the moment that suggestion was made, I never thought of him but as a man who had purchased luxury with a price. He had sacrificed his dreams of ambition at the shrine of Mammon, I told myself. And ever as I told myself this my heart cried out in bitter appeal against the venality which had robbed me of my hero. He had married money, and his God-gifted genius was a talent hid away in a napkin.

I often drew mind-pictures of his present, and compared it with my own. Down in the depths of his art-loving nature there was a keen appreciation of luxury, and a taste for lavishness and splendor, that he was probably gratifying now. "He has grown idle from overindulgence in the good things of this world," I told myself; "idle and fat, perhaps, on the generosity of his rich wife; and *I* have withered away."

Some time after this phase of feeling had set in I was deputed by one of my young married sisters to go up to the City, and get certain choice articles of clothing, that could only be got there, for her oldest boy, the pickle and pride of the family. I was on a visit to her at her town house at the time, and she lent me her brougham toward the performance of her task. It was winter, and I was wrapped up in fur; and altogether I must have looked rather matronly as I rolled on alone.

There was a slight check to our progress by reason of a crush at the corner of a street; and as I gazed idly out of the window my eyes fell upon what I at first took to be a grotesque and painful likeness to Harold Temple; but a second glance showed me that it was the man himself; and, with a sensation of sharper anguish than I had ever known before, I let down the window and called to him, and he turned and came toward me.

He came toward me—my once gallant-looking lover—a shambling, shabby-looking man, with the broken look about his eyes and brow that penury is apt to stamp there, I have since learned; came toward me in threadbare clothes, with broken, patched boots on his feet; came toward me with a listless air, and a look in his eyes that told me he did not know me.

Eagerly I put my hand out to him. "Have you forgotten Maude Chichester?" I said; and then he knew me at once; and oh! what pain there was to both of us in that recognition!

Our talk was not very coherent for the next few minutes. He said something once that implied that he believed me to be married; and I, in wretched uncertainty as to whether it would be well to undeceive him or not, let the illusion stand. But I did tell him how I had always watched for mention of him and his works; and then he said,

"Come and see the deity of my home, and then you'll comprehend why you have never heard the mention made."

I made up my mind at once to disregard my sister's mission. "Get in," I said; and he got into the brougham, to the wonder of her astute coachman. Then he gave his address, and we were driven away.

Away from the haunts with which I was familiar; away through streets that grew gradually poorer and meaner and duller; away into a wilderness of poverty-stricken terraces and alleys, to a habitation in one of the former that he pointed out to me as his "home."

My heart was bleeding now. Vulgarity was rampant wherever Want was not. A squalid maid-of-all-work opened the door to us, and in answer to his inquiry said, "Missus was at home." Then he led the way up a narrow, dirty staircase to a room on the first-floor, where a woman in an elaborate attempt at a morning *negligé* was lying at full length on a sofa, reading a dingy penny periodical.

"An old friend of mine has come to see you, Alice," he said; "get up, will you, and speak to her?"

She threw her book aside, and rose up and stood before me.

"I'm sure I'm very glad to see any friend of Mr. Temple's," she said, with an air of mingled shyness and effrontery; "it's years enough since any friend of his has been near us."

"Have you been married long?" I asked, as gently as I could, of the woman who was so pretty, and so vulgar, and so incapable, and so altogether unlike what the wife of my Harold should have been.

"About ten years," she said.

"Ten years ago the last twentieth of August," he said, distinctly; and I felt my heart quail. Ten years ago the last nineteenth of August I had sent him back his ring.

"And ten hard years they have been, I can tell you," she said, discontentedly. "Harold is so lazy that he has let all chance of making a fortune slip by, and my health is so delicate that I can do nothing, and we have five children."

"Where are they?" I asked, eagerly.

"I send them to a dame school in the next street, to get them out of the way," she said. And then the hot blood of shame came up into his face; and, though the love-spell was broken, I pitied him profoundly.

"I should like to see them," I said. And when she had gone out of the room to send for them I turned to him.

"Let me do something for your children, will you, for the sake of old times?"

"What made you cast me off?" he asked.

"It is useless to tell you now," I said. But he pressed me, and then I told him briefly what arguments Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay had used.

"The vile old creature, the false-hearted woman!" he said, passionately. "She lied to us both. She told me that you renounced me at once when she told you I had nothing but my art; that you laughed at the idea of my pretending in serious earnest to your hand; and that you had only taken my ring in joke."

"We must not speak about it," I said; but I couldn't help sobbing as I said it. "We must bury all anger against her as we bury every thing else connected with the past, for you are married, Harold. But what could have been her motive?"

"Can't you guess?" he said.

I shook my head. But suddenly my face flushed as an idea flashed into it, and I said,

"If she had been younger and unmarried—"

"If she had been younger and unmarried," he interrupted, "she couldn't have been more absurd in hurling her heart, and what her set were foolish enough to call her attractions, at every young fellow who chanced to please her taste. She was a type of that pestilential element in modern society—a woman who does not know how to grow old. She has ruined my life, Maude."

"Don't say that," I pleaded. "You have your wife and your children."

"My wife!"

"You married her, Mr. Temple," I said, reproachfully; "and you owe it to her and to your children to do the best you can for them."

And then Mrs. Temple came back with her five boys and girls, and I felt at once that at least I could and might love them.

They are my adopted children now, for their father is dead, and their mother has married a well-to-do tradesman, and has surrendered them entirely to me. They are a bright, clever, beautiful band; and my only fear concerning them is that they may inherit a little too much of that impulsive temperament which wrecked their father's life, and marred mine, until they came to make it sound and whole again.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The British Parliament was opened on the 9th of February by the Queen in person, with all the pomp of ceremonial customary on such occasions. The scene, says an eye-witness, was magnificent. Lord Chamberlains, like gorgeous butterflies, in azure and gold; peers temporal, in scarlet and ermine; the towering figure of the Primate of the Northern Province; Samuel of Winchester, with his blue Garter ribbon and great white tippet. Judges, with faces creased with much thought, and their active brains buried in mighty wigs of horse-hair; foreign embassadors sparkling with orders, and the envoy of Persia in a robe of rich fur. Then the ladies—many of them chosen specimens of British loveliness—with their beauty, too, by no means unadorned, but set forth with all the attractions of exquisite millinery and jewelry. Next we behold the personages of royal blood: Prince Teck, attired as a foreign hussar; Prince Christian as an English officer; their respective wives in low dresses of black velvet, trimmed with ermine; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter also in black velvet, with a trimming of violet and white satin. Then a pause, a whisper, a door opens, and enter Earl Granville, carrying the Sword of State, the Marquis of Winchester with the Cap of Maintenance, and Lord Bessborough with the Crown. Then came Her Most Gracious Majesty, accompanied by the princesses Louise and Beatrice. The Queen, who appeared to be in excellent health, wore a black velvet dress, the ribbon of the Garter, and a Marie Stuart cap, surmounted by a miniature crown of brilliants. One is pleased to note, amidst the constraint of state formalities, that the Princess Louise rearranged the state robes, which were thrown over the back of the throne, so as to show the crimson velvet. When her Majesty had taken her seat, the Lord Chancellor stood at her right hand, and then came the farcical interlude which invariably succeeds this grand historical drama. A distant rumble is heard, succeeded by a bellowing and trampling of feet, and then the faithful House of Commons, like a drove of excited bullocks, come tearing up to the bar, pell-mell, helter-skelter. Not even the person of the Prime Minister is sacred; for we hear of his turning with pained face to protest against being prodded by fists from behind. The speech from the throne was read by the Lord Chancellor, as shown in the sketch on page 241, to the great disappointment of the audience, who had hoped to hear it delivered by the Queen herself.

THE CITY OF BORDEAUX.

The large and wealthy city of Bordeaux, third in importance of the French sea-ports, and capital of the department of the Gironde, has been the abode of the delegate French government of National Defense since its removal from Tours, and is now the meeting-place of the National Assembly convened for the discussion of terms of peace. It is situated just above the head of the Gironde, or long estuary of the Garonne, and on the left bank of that river, about seventy miles from the sea. Its population is nearly 200,000; its trade, besides the export of claret wines, is considerable—with Great Britain, the United States, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. There is much ship-building here. As this port has no docks, and no extensive quays, the vessels that frequent it lie in the middle of the river. Bordeaux was the capital of Aquitania Secunda, in the Roman province of Gaul, when its Latin name was Burdigala. It belonged, during nearly three hundred years, to the Plantagenet kings of England, being the chief town of Guienne, whose heiress, Eleanor, daughter of the last native duke, was the queen of Henry II. Edward the Black Prince lived at Bordeaux, and here was Richard II. born. This town had an important part in the French civil wars of the seventeenth century, and in the Revolution from 1789 to 1793. It was occupied by the Duke of Wellington in March, 1814, when the restoration of the Bourbons was here first proclaimed. The view of the city, from the opposite bank of the river, which is shown in the sketch on page 245, has a very agreeable effect; the curving shore, in the form of a crescent, is lined with handsome buildings to the extent of two or three miles. The river is about two thousand feet wide, and eighteen to thirty feet deep, usually filled with shipping as far up as the magnificent bridge, of seventeen stone arches, built fifty years ago. In the centre of the view is the Cathedral of St. André, with its two elegant spires, built during the English rule; and close beside these spires is a third spire, that of the Tour de Peyberland, at the east end of the cathedral, a memorial of Pierre Berland, a bishop of Bordeaux in the fifteenth century. The church of St. Michel, with its fine hexagonal bell-tower, surmounted by a spire, is conspicuous to the left hand, near the river.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is no better time for the truly benevolent to exercise a wise and judicious charity than when the poor are daily suffering distress in consequence of the sudden increase in the price of some necessary article—like coal. The wealthy man, and even the man of moderate means, fills his capacious coal-bin in the fall, and it little affects his personal comfort whether coal is afterward ten or twenty dollars a ton. But it is a true proverb—"the destruction of the poor is their poverty." They have no place wherein to store a supply of any thing beyond each day's necessities, even if they had the money to buy it. Day by day they purchase their pittance of food and fuel—a few pounds of flour and a pat of butter, a pail of coal and a bundle of kindling-wood. Hence they have been the greatest sufferers during the recent "coal panic." Fortunately for them the spring has come, so that they will not experience the intense cold of mid-winter frosts; but damp, sunless cellars and tenement houses bring discomfort and death; and the investigations of the city missionaries have disclosed families who have been forced to eat uncooked food.

The heroism which leads one to go courageously on to the battle-field sinks in comparison with that which exposes life to the contagion of a fearful and deadly disease. Of forty-eight Sisters of Charity tending the small-pox patients in the Bicêtre Hospital, at Paris, eleven died of the hideous malady. Volunteers from the sisterhood were called for to fill their places, and thirty-three instantly responded.

The mental and moral condition of the inhabitants of San Domingo City is certainly open to improvement, if we may judge by the account of a grand Sunday cock-fight which comes to us through one of the party accompanying our commission. The details are too disgusting to be agreeable to our readers. But there were present, and actively participating in the scene, not only the lower classes, but even the highest officers of government. Inquiry proved that this special fight was no exception to others, but that officials of every grade habitually attend these brutish spectacles. This "grand cock-fight" began at nine o'clock Sunday morning, and lasted until dusk.

Notwithstanding Gustave Doré has so superbly illustrated the Bible, he is said to have no faith in its doctrines. With a multitude of friends, with youth, health, fame, and fortune, he is a prey to fits of morbid melancholy. His skepticism broods over him like a heavy cloud, and banishes happiness.

A report comes from Brussels of the death of the Countess Kisseleff, the venerable gamestress of Baden-Baden, whom all habitués of German gambling spas will remember. She was in her seventy-eighth year, was immensely wealthy, and during twenty years of devotion to play is said to have lost four or five millions of florins. She was handsome and charming forty years ago, and enjoyed the reputation of a most delightful and dangerous coquette. Her husband, with whom she was not very harmonious, was formerly Russian minister to Rome.

Over five hundred thousand San Francisco cigars are manufactured every month, chiefly by the Chinese—about four thousand persons being employed.

After many carefully prepared obituaries of Mlle. Schneider had been printed in the various newspapers of the country the report of her death was contradicted, to the great dismay of the press. It appears to be one very good method of advertising an artist to announce her death, and thus the public is informed in regard to virtues and talents which might never have otherwise been brought to light.

On the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, within the boundaries of a single county, two hundred and ninety-nine millions of feet of lumber have been cut into boards and timber during the past year. And this amount is not much more than half what was cut in 1869. The immense demand for lumber suggests the fear that the forests may be exhausted; and it has been proposed that measures be taken to reserve by law alternate tracks of forest, where the undergrowth might have time to become mighty trees before being disturbed by the axe.

One of the most remarkable skating feats on record is one performed a few weeks ago by three "fast" young men from Newburg. It is, at least, without parallel in the history of skating on the Hudson. In seven hours and five minutes they skated from Newburg to Albany, a distance of one hundred miles, notwithstanding the ice was very rough in many places.

At the present time there are about two hundred Japanese students in the various colleges and universities of America. The present government of Japan is endeavoring to obtain all possible information respecting various departments in other leading nations. One method of accomplishing this object is to send abroad members of the imperial family, and others, to be educated at the expense of the Japanese government; and when they have finished their studies they carry to their country the results of their experience and education. It is stated that the government of Japan has already sent to Christian countries to be educated about four hundred young men, and will send, it is stated, about six hundred more during the present year. Eighteen students recently arrived in New York, with Prince Mets Fusimi, uncle of the reigning Emperor of Japan, and Jugoi Aronori Mori, *chargé d'affaires* of the government of Japan in the United States, attended by attachés and servants. Some of these young men, who are all between the ages of eighteen and twenty, will be established in schools in this country; the others will go to Europe.

Centipedes are common enough in San Domingo, but their bite is not dangerous, being easily cured with ammonia. Scorpions also are frequently found, but their sting, though painful, is not more dangerous than that of wasps. That ugly spider, the tarentula, kills horses, but seldom bites men. Fleas and mosquitoes, however, exist in large quantities

In Syracuse the market value of baby boys may be quoted at $200 each; of baby bears, at $450 each. A little child was recently killed by the cars near that city, and the jury awarded the parents $200. Later, two bear cubs were also killed by the cars, and the jury awarded the owner $450 for each cub.

Eighty thousand dollars in five-cent nickels were lately transferred from New York to the Mint in Philadelphia.

Count Bismarck seems to be as non-committal, when attacked by impertinent questioners, as certain high officials in our own country. When the Count was returning from his conference with Jules Favre he was met by an officer, who asked if there would be peace. The statesman, in reply, merely puckered his lips, and whistled the bugle signal, "Rest arms!" "Only an armistice, then?" persisted his questioner. Bismarck commenced whistling the hunting-call, "Tally ho! tally ho!" leaving the officer to draw his own inferences.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, intends to locate in Austria, and is negotiating for the purchase of a château near Vienna.

Shortly after the announcement of the capitulation of Paris to the citizens there was a sudden appearance in the shops of chickens, butter, eggs, rabbits, and sundry articles of food long unheard-of. The attempt to sell these commodities at outrageous prices resulted in a mob, who seized on them, giving ordinary prices for them. It was in vain for the shopkeepers to call on the National Guard for help—the National Guard was itself the mob.

A Frenchman has written a *brochure* dedicated to "William I., King of Prussia by the 'grace of God,' and Emperor of Germany by the effusion of blood."

America is getting a dubious reputation abroad for her wonderful inventive faculties. An English paper declares Americans are manufacturing golden sirup from sulphuric acid and starch, and currant jelly from old boots! Another journal kindly gives a list of tempting articles referred to American ingenuity. "Treacle made from coal-tar; anchovy paste and sauce from old fishing-tackle; Cayenne from rusty ten-penny nails; preserved ginger from door-mats; ketchup from old hats; isinglass from shirt-fronts; caviare from old Russia leather book-bindings; sponge-cake from flannel garments." The above items should be read *after* dinner, not *before*.

Louis Bonard recently died at St. Luke's Hospital, in this city, leaving the whole of his large estate to Mr. Henry Bergh, in trust for the use of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

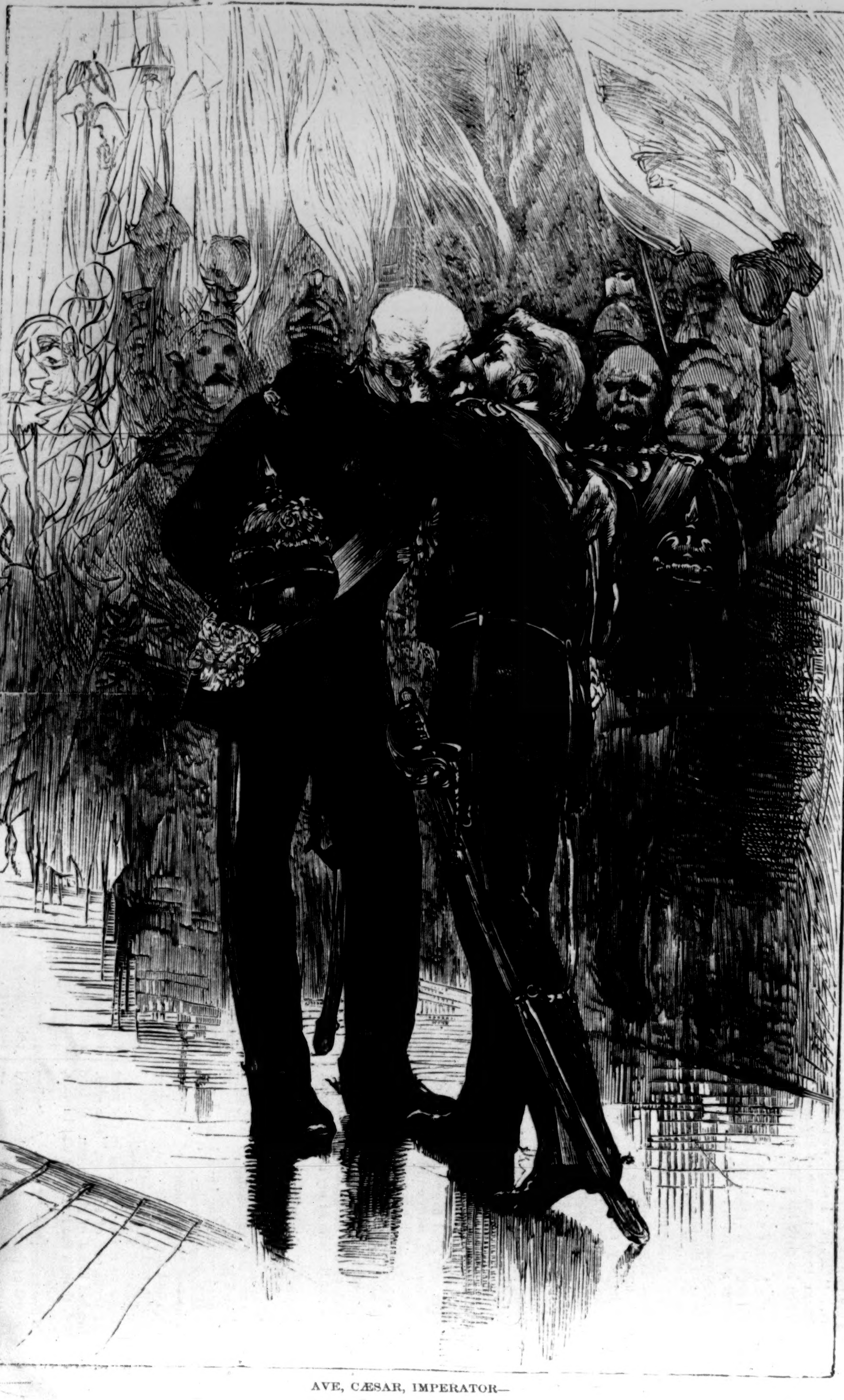
A patent has been recently taken out for converting goat's hair into hair for ladies' use. It is said that the experiment is so successful as to render it almost impossible to distinguish the real article from the imitation. This will be good news not only to the dealers in hair, who might apprehend the exhaustion of their source of supply, but also to the ladies who depend upon art to compensate the deficiencies of nature. In 1868 over 22,000 pounds of hair were imported into Great Britain, representing the clip of about 45,000 women. Much of this is obtained from the large communities of sisterhoods scattered throughout France and Belgium.

The past winter has been unusually severe in Northern and Central Europe. It is said there has not been such good sleighing in Switzerland for thirty years.

An English gentleman has taken the trouble of studying up the genealogy of the Smith family, and they are certainly to be congratulated, as he has gone back to the very beginning of things; and from Scandinavian mythology proves that the Smiths are a very ancient and honorable set of people. From various sources he has made a collection of the arms borne by most families of the surname of Smith in Great Britain and Germany.

The people of the Swiss republic appear to be fully aroused to the necessity of being prepared to defend their own country. Special government factories for improved fire-arms, cannon, and cartridges have been established.

A little examination into the method of making fine laces at once discloses the reason why they are so costly. The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest extent in Belgium. The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinctive features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, and is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the wider kinds as many as eight hundred on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace.



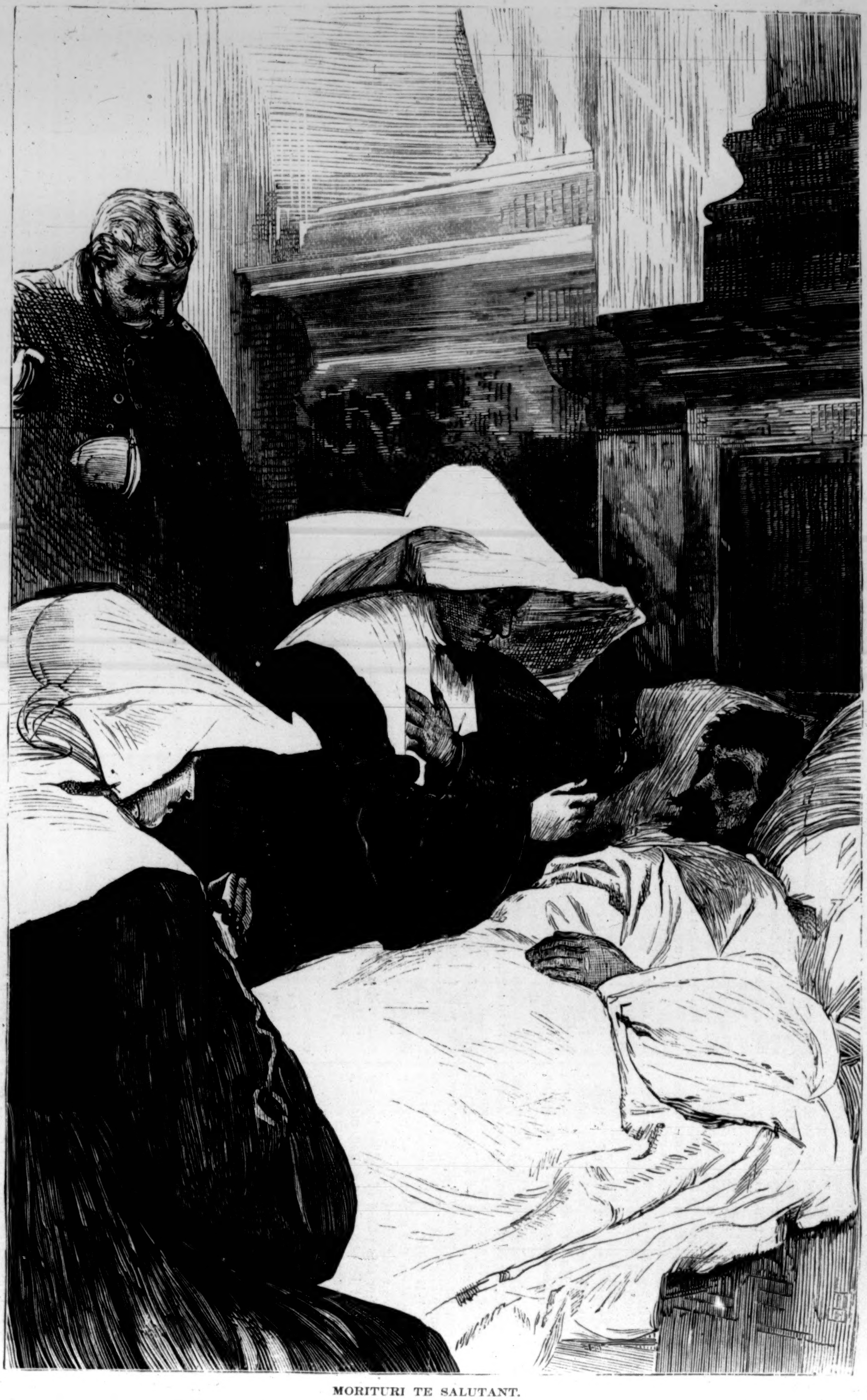
AVE, CÆSAR, IMPERATOR—

AVE, KAISER WILHELM, IMPERATOR.

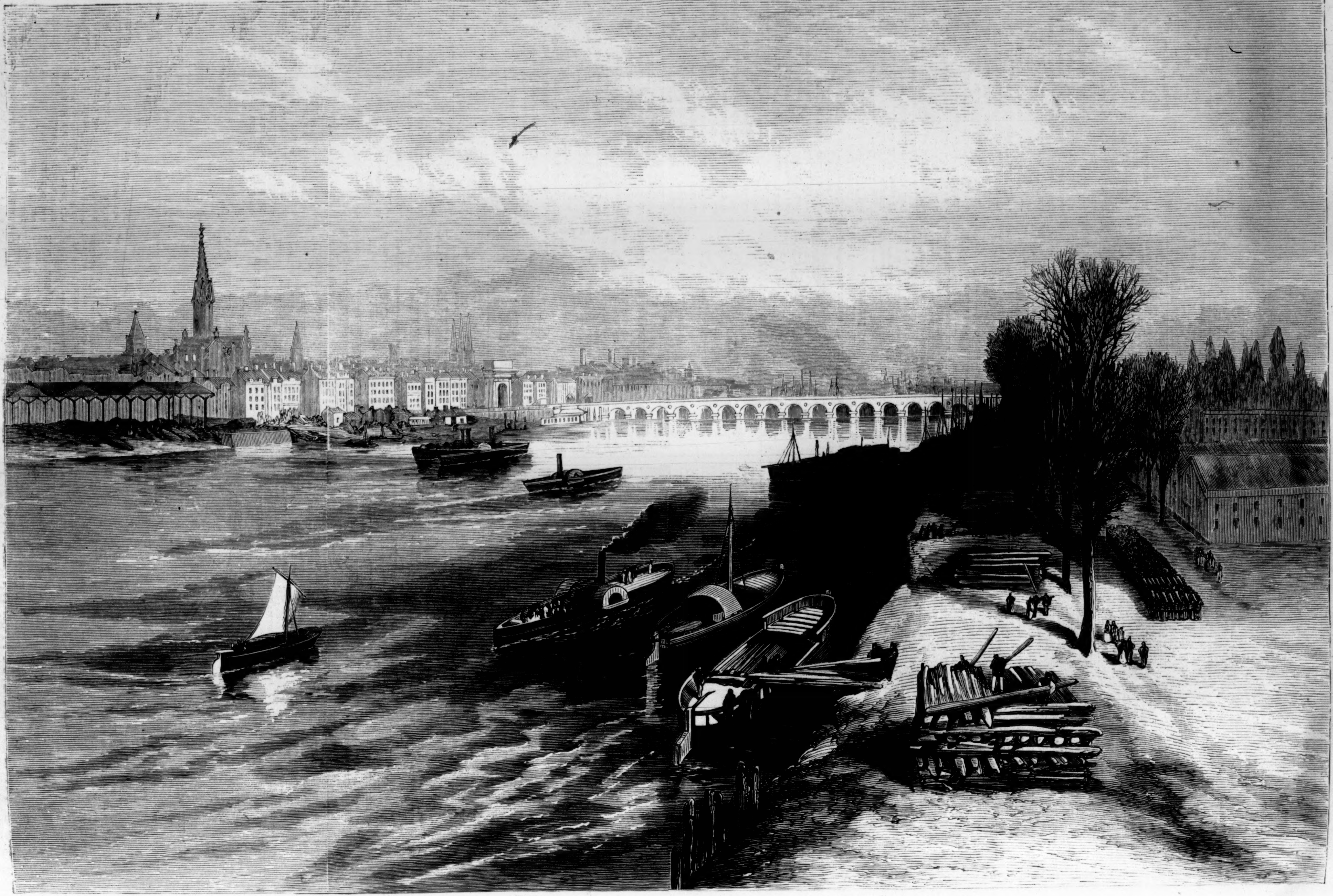
On the 18th of January, writes an artist correspondent, I was in the Salle des Glaces, and saw the King proclaimed Emperor, of which you have no doubt read descriptions enough by this time. It was a scene of intense interest, long looked forward to. On that day all officers were in full uniform. Even correspondents were many of them gorgeously appareled. I having no right to any thing but a boating costume, which was at home, went to the Salle des Glaces in *mufti*. Had I appeared as a member of a boat club, Prince ADALBRECHT and myself would have been the only wearers of naval uniform in the room. By the grace of a friend I was smuggled in, and got a capital position just in front of the altar, where the priests were moving about, like players before the performance begins. Impressive as the scene was, the extemporized altar, with its candles and bay-trees, reminded me of the "make-ups" in a charade. It was a good hit to set it up under the picture on the ceiling entitled "Faste des puissances voisines de la France." The King, at the head of princes innumerable and magnates infinite, came in amidst the alarums and excursions of the band. He stopped and stood immediately opposite the altar. The Crown Prince to his right, Duke of Baden just behind his Majesty, Prince ADALBRECHT behind the Duke, and I behind Prince ADALBRECHT. All this time I was beseeching officers to cover my want of uniform. They would persist in retiring to give me a good view. As the gorgeous troop advanced I retired, but, alas! left my "pot hat" just before the altar. I shall never forget how Prince GEORGE of Saxony looked at it, and took up his station exactly at its brim, as if the hat had been put there for the express purpose of marking his place.

When the princes had arranged themselves in a hemisphere, like planets and stars round their sun—the Emperor—the Crown Prince, soon to be Prince Imperial, turned and bade his soldiers doff their helmets for prayer. Then followed a prayer, a hymn, and a sermon. The sermon was very long-winded, and I kept looking at his Majesty's legs to see if they were giving. So, I believe, did BISMARCK, for his eye hardly ever left the Emperor; and as I was almost in a line with his Majesty, sometimes that awful eye fell upon me. It always did so when I began to draw BISMARCK'S own features, and I collapsed at the glance as if I had seen Medusa. The Prussian way of saying "Amen" is peculiar for its fierceness. It quite startled me, but gladdened me too. After the sermon all walked up to the standards at the end of the Salle. Then followed one or two speeches; then the Emperor was saluted as Kaiser; then every body kissed every body. But who shall describe the waving of helmets and banners and the hurrahs at the words, "Long live Kaiser WILHELM"—the Ave, Cæsar, Imperator? My hair stood on end, and my ears were fairly deafened with the patriotic and loyal vociferations of the enthusiastic multitude.

The day after this imposing and joyous ceremony was the sortie of the 19th, and on the evening of that day the mirrors of the Salle des Glaces reflected a different scene. It was filled with wounded, who then had no beds to lie on. The Salle des Glaces on the 18th, and the Salle des Glaces on the 19th—what a contrast! "*Ave, Cæsar, Imperator*"—"*morituri te salutant.*"



MORITURI TE SALUTANT.



THE CITY OF BORDEAUX—THE SEAT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.—[See Page 243.]

SOCIAL FERRETS.

Between the two extremes of the people who think the whole world is occupied mainly with them and their concerns, and the people who take it that no one notices any body very much and themselves not at all, there is a mean class: people who believe in the prying instinct as one among others, and who, on the assumption that ferrets exist, think it no shame to lay false scents if put to it. And these are the wisest of the three, for there are ferrets among us—creatures who make it their business to find out every one's secrets and get to the back of every one's affairs. What is an unrelated accident to the simple onlooker who does not dive below the surface is to the ferret a fact as easily read as an open book. He has the *mot d'énigme*, and can enlighten you if he will, and perhaps does, and understands to a hair's-breadth the exact relation of every thing. He knows why Mrs. A. blushes like a June rose as she passes you, with your wife on your arm; he is quite clear as to the reasons which made you give up your appointment or break off your engagement, and which shut your door hard and fast in the face of the Malafides, your former nearest friends. Things which are dark as night to the rest of the world are as clear as noonday to your ferret; and if he is of a malicious turn, he is more dangerous to his friends than a shell with the fuse burning. But fortunately, with many persons, the charm of finding out is enough in itself, and the consciousness of knowing more than their neighbors its own reward. Thus the love of ferreting and the habit of gossip do not always go together; though generally where the one is the other is not far off.

There is infinite variety in the manner of ferreting. Some watch you to prevent your watching them—in this case every thing depending on who takes the initiative; some ask you leading questions, to which you must answer yes or no, if you answer at all—questions to refuse to answer which would be as compromising as direct admission; some take you by surprise, and say suddenly, point-blank, without warning or paraphrase, "How's your friend So-and-So?" then fix their eyes on you hungrily to see you change color; some watch you from under cover, no one participating; and some "draw" your friends, your very servants; some are ill-natured, and hunt you down if they have got on your track, telling every one they know that questionable little anecdote concerning you which you fondly hoped was buried out of the sight of all; and some are influenced by the dramatic instinct only, and enjoy your life's comedy in a box apart, without ever doing you harm by telling; some pounce, and some stalk; but, however it is done, it is done, and more is known of the private life of every body than any one cares to believe for his own part.

Of the domestic order of ferrets, charwomen and nomadic servants are the chief, and carry their stories of family doings from basement to basement as they carry off their perquisites. Half the gossip which circulates without the possibility of tracking it to its source — that vague, nebulous, ownerless gossip which does so much harm because it never assumes a definite shape, and can therefore never be fairly fought—comes, with red ants and black beetles, from the kitchen. And one reason why it can not be tracked is because ladies do not like to confess that they have heard it from their maids; another because it is after the pattern of "Russian scandal," in the game where people unintentionally misrepresent what they hear, therefore each preceding author repudiates his successor's version. Hence the kitchen ferret is the most dangerous, because the most blundering in his reports; and, of all the tribe, ladies'-maids are the worst, from their position knowing a great deal of frailty of temperament, and too often inventing more. Butlers and footmen hear the talk at table, and take it abroad, mistranslated if you will, but with that dreadful core of fact which makes the falsehood of an envelope unconquerable: and, as a rule, all servants know more of their masters' business than their masters have the least idea has leaked out, and turn their knowledge over to the public with unsparing liberality. Then there are conjugal ferrets of both kinds—wives who spy after their husband's secret goings, and get but little good therefrom, when husbands have secret goings it being a wife's best wisdom to be blind; and husbands who make "Judas holes" and peep upon their wives. But as women are angels and never do any thing naughty, we will assume that Bluebeard merely loses his time. And there are the ferrets who haunt public institutions—committee ladies who turn up hospital-beds and turn out school-room cupboards; men who taste work-house broth on a specially bad day, and who sniff out a cooked account with unerring instinct; people who are down on the weak spot so industriously sought to be hidden, and who are always writing to the papers, or exploding on a board-day—the terror of the officers, and the champions of Rhadamanthine justice; and there are housekeeper ferrets whom servants find it hard work to cheat, and who seem to have an intuitive perception of dodges and the tradesmen which no plausible explanation can blunt; and spectacular ferrets, who see every thing, and go every where, and know all about times and the right doors, where your ticket lodges you, and where the best places are; ferrets who see all the great fires, are just on the outside of all the great accidents, in the centre of all the great crushes, and without whom no ceremony is complete and no catastrophe can be enacted. To be sure, you reserve to yourself the liberty of doubt, and lay a heavy account to the score of newspaper reporting and a lively imagination in your friend; but, after all discount taken, the spectacular ferret does manage to see a good deal: and if he does not always hold quite the correct card, he is better than those who have no card at all, and to unprotected females and country cousins is invaluable.

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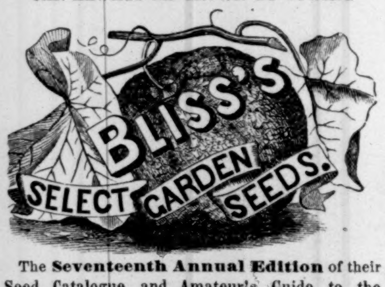

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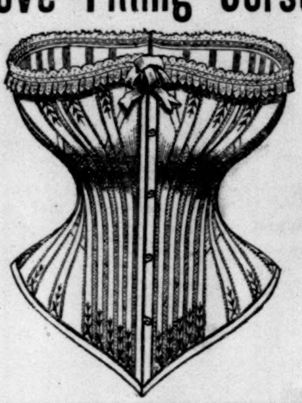

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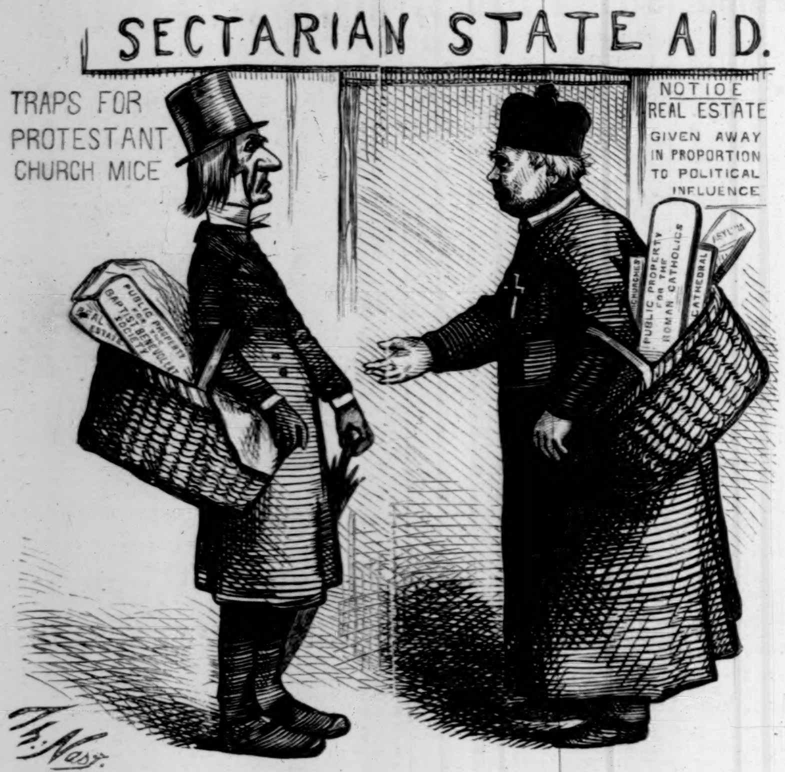
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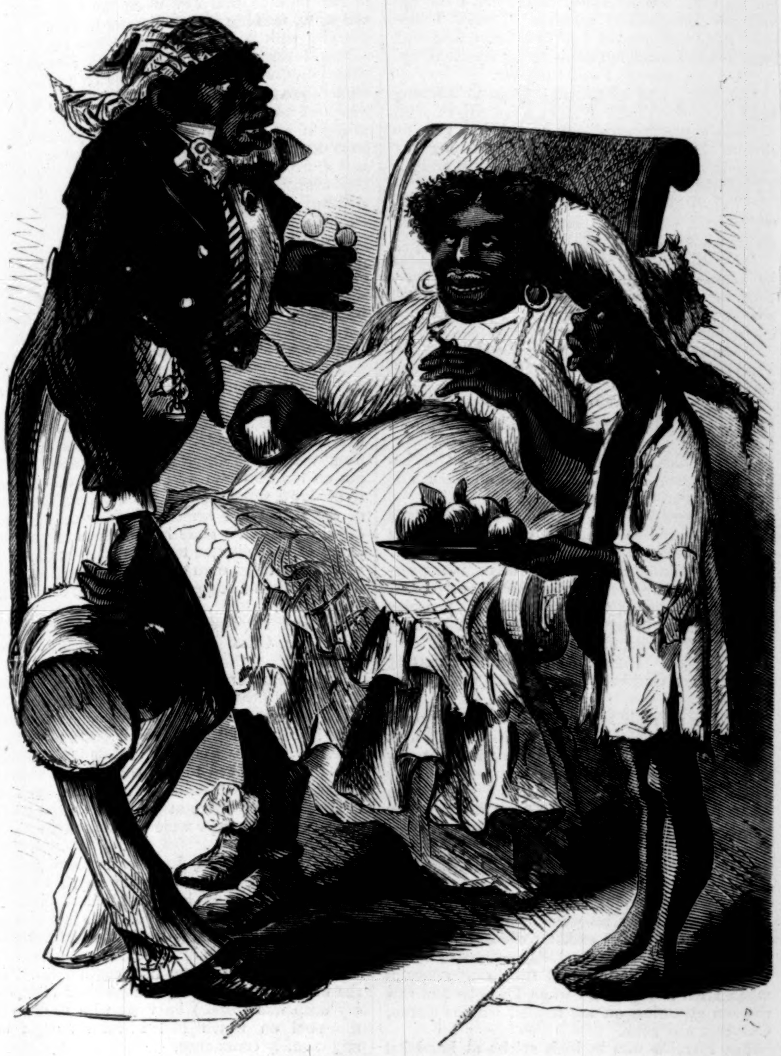

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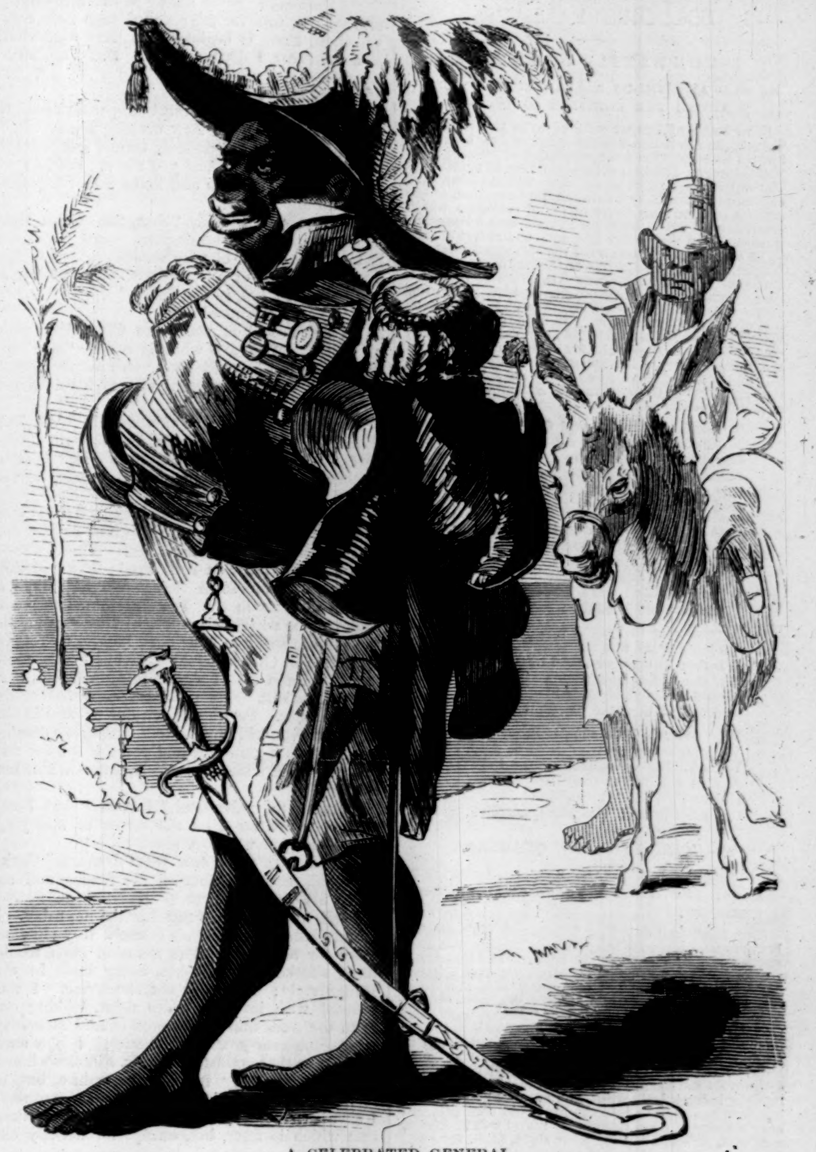

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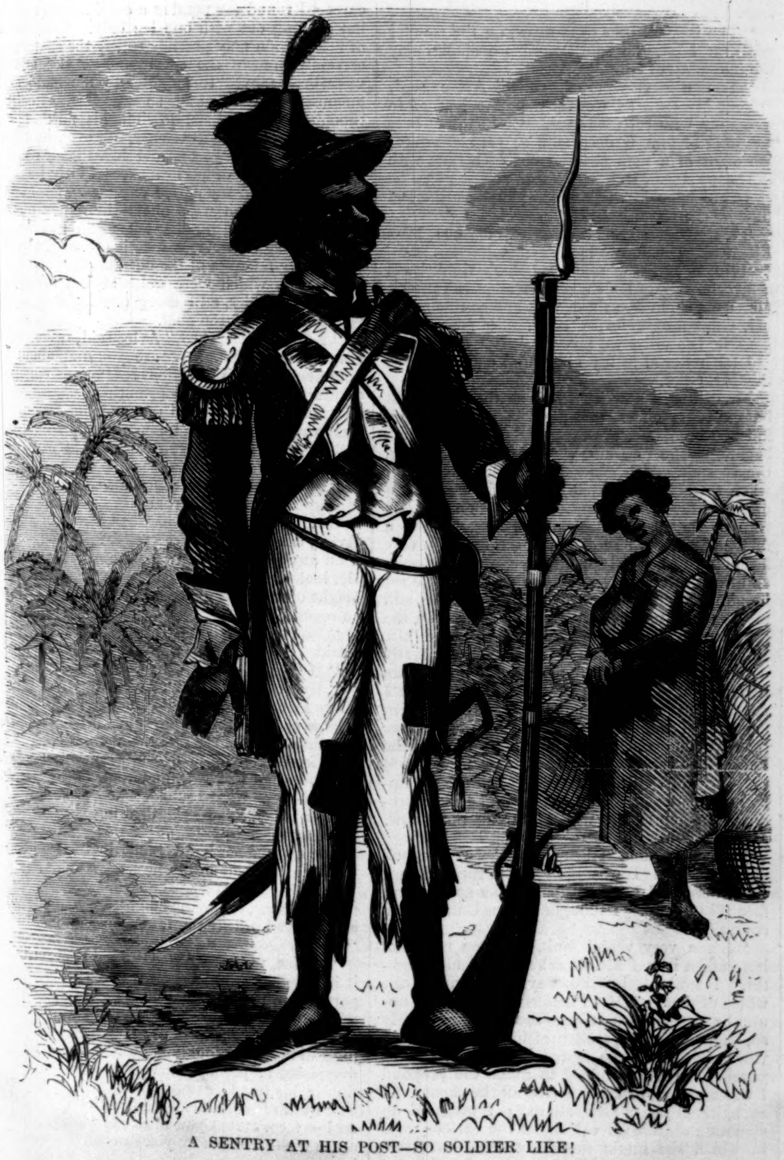
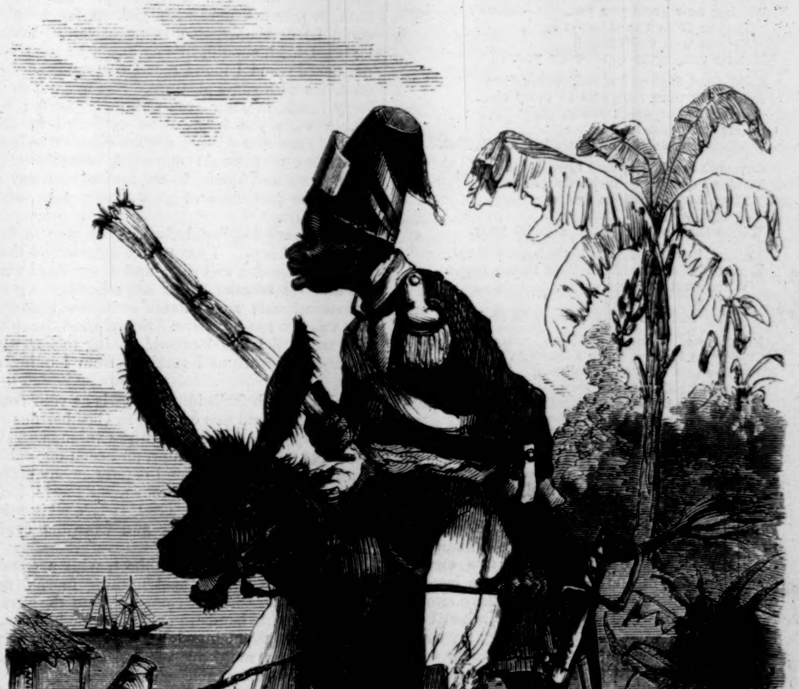


A SENTRY AT HIS POST—SO SOLDIER LIKE!



LIGHT CAVALRY.

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN SAN DOMINGO AND HAYTI, BY MESSRS. MARC AND LOUVRIER.

SOLDIERS' BALLADS.

I.—THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

AN OLD ANONYMOUS BALLAD STILL POPULAR AMONG THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

[The battle of Prague referred to in this rough old German hussar ballad was the battle of Prague so well known to generation after generation of young piano-forte players. It was not, however, fought against the Turks, but took place at the siege of the picturesque capital of Bohemia by Frederick the Great, one of the earliest of that long series of grand robberies which gradually helped to build up Prussia into a compact, powerful, and aggressive kingdom, and at last to turn it, as we have seen, into one of the strongest, most ambitious, and most dangerous of the military powers of Europe. We picture to ourselves some of Ziethen's cavalry shouting their quaint doggerel the night after Leuthen, while old Fritz, stalking past their bivouac fire, gives them a grim stare, with his large round eyes, watching them from under his huge, dingy, cockaded cocked-hat, as the red light for a moment glances on the diamond star on his breast, and on the well-worn hilt of his sword, fatal to so many an Austrian. In that rough song the sublime old scoundrel heard the echo of fresh victories.]

To blockade Prague, that fine old town,
We Prussians one day sat us down.
Our camp it stood us in good stead,
Stored well with powder and with lead.
Our cannon were all laid with care,
And Schwerin was our general there.

Fast rode up our Prince Heinrich then,
Followed by eighty thousand men.
"Now all my army would I give
So my brave Schwerin did but live.
O Fate! O Fate! war's hardest lot,
That Schwerin should so soon be shot."

A trumpeter to Prague was sent
To learn what was the town's intent,
Whether to open or stand out;
But the Bohemians, stanch and stout,
Would never yield their liberty:
Bombarded then the place must be.

Who did this little song indite?
Well, three hussars who came to fight.
With Seidlitz' corps they were drawn up,
And in old Prague they hope to sup.
Hurrah! Wohoop! Victoria!
Old Fritz himself was there, hurrah!

II.—GOING INTO NEW QUARTERS.

AN OLD GERMAN MILITARY BALLAD, DATE (PERHAPS) THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR, AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

[One likes to think that Tilly's and Wallenstein's brave musketeers may have perhaps chanted this ditty at the gates of Magdeburg the night it was taken, and that our old friend Dugald Dalgetty, passing his horny hand over his long, gaunt face and grizzly mustache, may have thereupon said in Latin of Marischal College to some Swedish friend in trouble: "Marry, these same German rogues love a good stave almost as well as they do plunder; and, by St. Andrew! in that last charge in truth they broke in on our pikes like so many mad bulls. Even my late master, the great Gustavus himself, would have said 'Bravo!' at the onset; and now fighting being thirsty work, more especially when one has been beaten, let's into the town, old comrade, and have a stoup of good Bacarac." "You will? Marry, well said, Soldado." "By your right, then, forward. There's good wine at the Kaiser Rudolph's—good wine. By your right."]

You people be merry, the soldiers—hurrah!
Singing now greet you jucheira—sa—sa!
  They're from the German land,
  As you well understand,
Merrily coming to quarter on you.

Solid good fare and a welcoming face
Are better than banquets in every case.
  Bring us the drink along,
  Landlord, join in this song:
Deutschland hoch lebe, hoch leb' der Soldat.

Germans are hearty and always are ready,
Tender to maidens, in battle as steady.
  They love with keen desire
  A kiss, wine, and battle-fire,
Words that are truth, and a jovial song.

Maiden, beware of your little heart's flight,
Love often comes like a thief in the night.
  When daylight sees us go,
  Many will say, "Ah no."
Sobbing with sorrow, and tears in their eyes.

For the soldier knows neither of peace nor of rest,
To-day he is here, there to-morrow a guest;
  Home and love changing see,
  Till to head-quarters we
March when the death drummer beats the roll-call.

A SKATER'S LOVE-AFFAIR.

LOVE is always young; and this is the reason, I suppose, why the "old, old story" is the youngest—that is, the most attractive, the prettiest, the pleasantest—which a novelist can offer to his readers. I acquiesce in this circumstance now. As one grows older one becomes more acquiescent; and, besides, I have another reason. There was a time, however, when I was known as a scorner of love. Among my modes of expressing my scorn was an objection which I frequently reiterated to the everlasting love-entanglement which a novelist makes his *point d'appui*. Many a tirade have I vented, and held many an argument with my friend Cuthbert Dean on this subject, when we lodged together one winter in London, during which I, requiring some light reading, and objecting on principle to the common run of novels, perused Scott's *Redgauntlet* a dozen times over, because so little of the interest of that powerful novel arises out of the tender passion.

I have referred to my friend Cuthbert Dean. When we lodged together, in days now long ago past, I regarded Cuthbert with the warmest friendship; friendship, in fact, took with me the place of love. That tendency to admire which we all have, and exhibit, most of us, by regarding young ladies as angels, was expressed by me in elevating Cuthbert Dean to the position of a hero. He was what admiring people regarded as a clever, good-looking, popular, honorable young man; and to me he seemed handsome as Adonis, clever as Apollo, the most delightful of companions, the most sincere of friends.

One evening, after my tirades against the passion of love had been unusually long and strong, Cuthbert said:

"I thoroughly enjoy sitting in this arm-chair, and looking into the fire; and though your conversation, Fred, is beginning to have somewhat of a sameness, I don't mind it. But I am anxious about you, my dear boy."

"How so?" I said.

"Why, you are in the most dangerous position of any man I know. Any evening I may come home, and hear you suddenly turned sentimental instead of sarcastic. And you are not safe. You may be rash; may go and make a fool of yourself with any female."

"I suppose," I said, "that you mean that when a man thinks he despises young ladies, he is in that position of false security which is the most dangerous of all positions. The idea is a common one; but, in my case—"

Cuthbert interrupted me.

"I don't see that yours can differ from that of others. You are what is called 'nice' by girls; you are good-looking, you are other good things; but there is nothing so very heroic about you, Fred."

I was rather vexed at this speech. We like friendship to be mutual; and as I thought Cuthbert a hero, I wished to be rated by him as one. However, unconscious of my annoyance, he resumed:

"I have known several cases. There was Jenkinson, who railed quite as much as you do, and married his washerwoman. There was—But I'll tell you what it is, Fred; I've had this in my mind for some time; and as I take a friend's interest in you, I'm determined to put a spoke in the wheel of fortune, so far as it may be turning adversely to your good luck. I wrote to a relative in Gloucestershire, saying I was coming down, and that I should bring a friend, if it was convenient. He replied very satisfactorily this morning. So we will run down; and in ten days' time you will propose to my relative's daughter. She is a rare girl, and you are a good fellow, though a trifle nonsensical, and will suit her excellently."

"Am I to understand," I said, "that I accept your invitation on the terms of marrying your cousin, or whatever she is?"

"Of course, you know what I mean," Cuthbert said, taking his feet off the fender, and refilling his coffee-cup.

Well, we went down together the next day. I found Cuthbert's relative's house a very pleasant place for a visitor. The mansion itself would have shocked Mr. Ruskin, being built in the Italian style; but it did not shock me. I was pleased with its long white front, looking out from the trees that embowered it, and especially with some ever-green shrubberies. I like such scenery as that amidst which Mr. Pitcairn's house was situated—hilly for Gloucestershire, but, in reality, merely undulating. I like such scenery, I say, better, for a length of time at least, than that which is finer, but, except for holiday excursions, too exciting.

Avice Pitcairn was like the scenery amidst which she had been brought up. At first I thought her an agreeable girl, so far as girls could be agreeable, that is, negatively. Young ladies, I held, should, like children, be seen and not heard; and I found that I frequently surveyed Avice with some pleasure. She was not strikingly handsome, nor even strikingly pretty; but (these were the impressions of her I at first formed) she *was* pretty; a quiet English style of prettiness, that would depart, I mentally said, with youth and bloom, in the melancholy way in which the prettiness of girls slowly but surely does depart.

As I have implied before, Avice was at first not much heard. I have since ascertained that, being young, she was shy; and as the days went on and we became better acquainted, she grew conversational; and I found somehow that still she was not too talkative. She pleased the sense of hearing. I found myself talking to her with as much pleasure as I received from looking at her.

"I like such fresh innocent girls as your cousin Avice," I said one evening to Cuthbert, as we walked quickly up and down the veranda. The evenings were cold just now, and each one colder than the last. "Her mind is pure as any star in that great glittering arch above us," I said, looking up to the frosty skies. "It is an elevating change from the fast fools and worn-out cynics of London to such society."

"Just so," returned Cuthbert, with a considerate smile. But he said nothing more; and just then Mr. Pitcairn came out into the veranda, rubbing his hands in evidently good spirits.

"A most promising sight," he said, looking up at the bright multitude of stars; "a delightful evening;" and he shivered.

"Let me fetch your coat, papa," Avice said, who had followed.

"No," Mr. Pitcairn said; "to shiver with cold is to me a most delightful sensation."

"Indeed!" I said, feeling on my part that the sooner we were all round the fire within the better.

"You do not look as if you agreed with papa, Mr. Bernard," Avice said to me, smiling.

"I like it because it affords a hope of some skating," Mr. Pitcairn said. "I am passionately fond of skating. Do you skate, Mr. Bernard?"

"Oh yes," I said.

"Are you a figure-skater, Mr. Bernard?" Avice asked.

"Yes," I said, in a matter-of-course tone. (I am somewhat conceited about my skating.)

"I'm delighted to hear it," Mr. Pitcairn said. "We will have a famous turn together if the frost holds. Avice, put the thermometer out; and I propose, gentlemen, that you each put a basin of water outside your window-sills to-night. We shall so be enabled to judge more accurately to what depth it will have frozen during the night. Avice, go in and get out my skates—the skeleton pair and two or three others, that Mr. Bernard may have a pair to his mind."

I soon discovered that on the subject of skating Mr. Pitcairn was a rabid enthusiast. He talked of nothing else during the whole evening; and as I, too, am interested in the art, I did not find the conversation tiresome. Indeed, I suppose I showed a good deal of interest, and may have seemed conceited as to my own proficiency.

"Do you skate?" I said to Avice.

"A little," she returned; "papa is teaching me."

"She's pretty good, for a girl, but gets on slowly," Mr. Pitcairn observed; "teaching any thing is tiresome work, and teaching skating is no exception."

"I shall be glad to take your post of instructor," I said, eagerly. I did not think teaching Avice would be tiresome.

"By all means," Mr. Pitcairn said; "I shall be infinitely obliged to you. Avice, we have been in the house an hour; just run out and see whether that saucer of water I placed in the cucumber-frame is frozen over yet."

"Does Giles skate?" Cuthbert asked.

Avice, at the door by this time, stopped and laughed.

"Yes," she said; "he is most persevering, poor fellow. But he is slower than I am; isn't he, papa?"

"Oh, Giles," replied Mr. Pitcairn, "is beneath contempt. Now, Avice, go and look after that saucer."

Subsequently upon that evening, Cuthbert came into my bedroom, and volunteered to me some information regarding Mr. Giles. Mr. Giles was younger than either of us, it appeared, and therefore not in possession of a certain fifty thousand pounds which would be his property when he came of age. He had been struck by Avice's attractions, and had proposed to her.

"And she?" I asked eagerly, quite forgetting myself when Cuthbert gave me this piece of information.

"Made no reply which need discourage you," Cuthbert returned, laughing. "Now don't look silly, Fred; you have merely carried out my theory that you are not superhuman. I hope you will succeed, old fellow, and I think, from what I have noted, that neither Giles nor any one else is likely to interfere with your success. Good-night and good-by; for I must reseek the *fumum et opes strepitumque* to-morrow morning before you are up."

"You're not going back to London to-morrow?" I asked, but he was out of the room before my question was ended. He had not given any hint before of so immediate a departure, and I was still wondering and surmising about it when I fell asleep; and when I awoke and saw the sun glittering on my frosted window-panes, Cuthbert was gone.

Mr. Pitcairn was in high spirits at breakfast that morning; for all the water in every basin had frozen, and the thermometer was at fourteen.

"The ice will bear to-morrow, on the smaller pools, at least," he said, "and we shall enjoy the ignominy of Giles."

"You are very cruel, papa," Avice said. "Poor Mr. Giles! I wonder if he has learned to strike out with both legs yet. One can not help laughing at him, it does look so very awkward, the sight of a man striking out each time with the same leg. But you must really, papa, be less hard upon Mr. Giles than you were the last time he skated with us."

"Mr. Giles seems a favorite of yours, Miss Pitcairn," I could not help saying.

"Not at all," she said; "I don't think he is a favorite of any body's, except upon the principle that people like those who amuse them, and Mr. Giles amuses every body. So far as that goes, he is a universal favorite."

I felt relieved in my mind, and curious to see this Mr. Giles.

Mr. Pitcairn now informed us that he might be expected about mid-day. We had hardly finished breakfast, however, and were only just beginning the pleasant walking and talking in the veranda which generally followed that meal, when the sound of rapid wheels was heard, and directly afterward a dog-cart swept round the last turn of the avenue. Not till he was within a few yards of the hall door did the driver, a very large and rather ugly man, moderate his speed; and then, throwing the reins to a groom who sat by him, he jumped down while the cart was still moving fast, tumbled nearly on his nose on the gravel, rose, shook hands with Avice and Mr. Pitcairn vehemently, and equally vehemently with me, though I had never seen him before that instant. He took me so by surprise that I passively accepted his salutation. Miss Pitcairn laughed; I think she perceived by my manner that we had not met before, and besides she knew Giles very well.

"Now, Mr. Giles," she said, "you are too impetuous, as usual. You should wait to be introduced to gentlemen whom you do not know. Mr. Giles—Mr. Bernard."

"I beg pardon," Giles said. "I really took it for granted I was going to meet Cuthbert Dean here, and I did not look in the gentleman's face till too late. I thought he was Cuthbert, of course."

"It's a very venial fault, and you need not have taken it up," Mr. Pitcairn said to his daughter. I noticed, by-the-way, that during the whole of that day Mr. Pitcairn's manner was unusually gracious to Giles; the more singularly so, because he had spoken of him upon the previous night with such supreme contempt. I was puzzled, but I determined to make the proposal I was about to make to Avice all the sooner. I excogitated the matter all day; I prepared an elaborate oration; I calculated the various ways in which she might answer, and made myself ready to reciprocate suitably to any one of them. I would take the plunge, I decided, the very next day. Perhaps, if the frost held, I should have an opportunity on the ice.

But if I intended to be quick, some one else was quicker. We happened to be all four of us in the veranda that day when the first dinner-bell rang, walking rapidly up and down it; Mr. Pitcairn with Avice, to whom he was communicating, I supposed, some household matters; I with Giles, whom I did not like on farther acquaintance. He bragged about himself, and it appeared to me very likely that he lied. Certainly, if he spoke the truth, there had been no such shooting as his in Scotland that autumn, and there would be no such riding in England this winter. He was offering, in his loud, hurried way, to back himself to kill twelve blue rocks out of fifteen, at twenty-six yards' rise, when the bell rang.

"We must go in, I suppose," I said with alacrity; and I opened the hall-door, and Mr. Pitcairn, who did not like dinner to be kept waiting, went within as soon. About ten minutes before, he had handed over to me the pair of skates that I was to use to-morrow, and when I had been up stairs about ten minutes, I remembered that I had left them in the veranda. I had better fetch them at once, I thought; Mr. Pitcairn would be displeased if I seemed to neglect his loan; and, just now, I was very far from wishing to displease Mr. Pitcairn. So I put on the coat and vest I had thrown off, and went down stairs again. As I opened the door of the veranda, I heard Avice's voice. I wondered she had not gone in to dress, and was just about to compliment her on the short time she was about to give to the frivolity most dear to females, when I stepped forward, and caught her very words.

"I am surprised at your coming forward again, Mr. Giles. As I told you before, it can never be."

I had heard enough. I was well pleased with what I had heard, but I did not pay my compliment, nevertheless. I went up stairs again at once instead; and at dinner, if I was not agreeable, I was at least cheerful; while Giles, though Mr. Pitcairn talked to him constantly, was as ill at ease as a big school-boy would be dining out, or would have been, at least, in the good old times when big boys were big boys and nothing more.

The next morning I rather expected to find Giles missing; he would never stay, I thought, in a house where he had been refused the night before. But when I came down to breakfast he was there, talking more freely than he had talked on the previous night; and (the frost, to Mr. Pitcairn's great delight, had continued, and in the basins set out, as on the previous night, every drop was frozen) he went with us down to the pool on which Mr. Pitcairn thought we might safely commence.

Giles, off in as great a hurry as usual, got his skates on before any one else, and immediately careered round the pond at a considerable speed, but striking out with one leg only. This mode of progression may possibly satisfy the skater; it certainly amuses the spectators. Avice and I were both moved to laughter by the rapid and unconscious Giles, and so was Mr. Pitcairn, though he tried hard to hide his mirth, more even than we did. Presently, however, we three had also our skates on, and Mr. Pitcairn commenced a series of performances which I could only envy. For my part, I executed a few eights and threes, which were about the extent of my accomplishments; and I felt much humiliated by observing that Avice was, it appeared to me, completely mistress of the outside edge, and executed feats which were quite beyond my skill. Meanwhile Giles, still using one leg only, spun round and round the pool.

"Now, Mr. Bernard," Avice said, rather mischievously, I thought, "are you not about to commence your instructions? Papa is engaged yonder in cutting out Constantinople."

"You ought to teach me, and not I you. I feel very small at this moment, Miss Pitcairn," I said. "I suppose you can cut out words on the ice, too?"

"Short ones," she returned, as she finished a graceful backward stroke.

Girls look well skating when they can skate. Avice, despite her father's remark, skated better than any girl I ever saw before or since. And she looked well then, on her easy poise, with her bright unsuspecting face and sly large eyes turned upon me.

"You ought to be my instructor, not I yours," I said. "Will you cut a word on the ice for me?"

"If I can," she returned. "What word?"

"By accident I overheard your reply to Mr. Giles last night in the veranda," I returned. "Now suppose that I have put to you the same question as he did. Cut the answer."

Avice, taken quite by surprise, blushed very much, looked this way and that, and evidently did not know what to do.

"Avice dear," I said, drawing closer to her, "you promised."

She clasped her hands imploringly, and looked this time straight in my face.

"How could you?" she said. And then she cut one letter, and stopped. "I can not go on," she faltered. But the letter she had cut was a "Y."

"Avice, my own Avice!" I said; and I think it is possible I might have offered her the support she so little needed on the slippery ice, but that, looking round, I saw Mr. Pitcairn, who had cut Constantinople three or four times over, standing still now, and looking at us. He did not seem overpleased; perhaps there was some imperfection in his last Constantinople.

"I am afraid," Avice said, with the blush still on her face, "that you must get papa's skates to agree with mine before you can call me what you have just called me."

"I will soon see about that," I replied.

"And I will go and teach Mr. Giles the outside edge. Why, papa is doing it already," Avice said. "Please go up to them, and leave me; I am so confused, and really I don't know what I have answered, after all. Do go, please."

"On condition that you do not recall your answer, whatever happen," I said, "I will go."

"Not if I can help it," Avice replied.

And thereupon I left her, and skated away to where Mr. Pitcairn had commenced instructing Giles, being eager to broach to him what had just occurred. I hardly doubted that he would consent. I had a fair, though not a large property; and I had seen nothing in Mr. Pitcairn that I thought likely to interfere with consideration for his daughter's affections.

When I came up to him Mr. Pitcairn was absorbed in his task as an instructor.

"Nothing easier, Giles, after a little perseverance. Lift your left leg—so—well in front of you, and cross it over your right; now incline your body boldly to the right, and try to make a circle on the right leg."

"Just say it all over again," Giles returned.

Mr. Pitcairn repeated his remarks.

Thereupon Giles raised his left leg, and stood still.

"Let me give you an impetus," Mr. Pitcairn said; and he pushed him gently from behind, an operation which resulted in Giles going forward on one leg some two yards, with an inclination to the left rather than to the right, and measuring his length on the ice at the end of the attempt. Mr. Pitcairn picked him up.

"Not hurt, I hope?" he said. "You should have got your left leg well over your right, putting it down, of course, whenever you feel yourself falling."

"Oh, I thought I was to keep it up all the time," Giles observed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Pitcairn," I interrupted; "I have something important to mention to you."

"In one moment, my dear Sir," Mr. Pitcairn returned; "as soon as I have put Giles into the way. Now, Giles, look here;" and Mr. Pitcairn, throwing his left leg across his right, illustrated the outside edge on the right foot by describing a circle, inclining toward the latter side always, and putting his left foot down to the outside of his right repeatedly, for Giles's instruction. "You see, by throwing the left foot well over you get the inclination," he said. "Now try again."

"I daren't throw the left foot over," Giles returned; "at least I can't."

"Well, go on till you can," Mr. Pitcairn replied.

Giles thereupon commenced a series of feeble attempts to "get round," diversified with frequent falls and much bodily anguish. Meantime I told Mr. Pitcairn what had occurred, and asked his consent. To my considerable surprise, he refused it.

"I am very sorry," he said. "During the last day or two I have suspected that something of the kind was going on. I hope we shall continue friends."

I pressed him for reasons.

"My dear Sir," Mr. Pitcairn said, cutting a figure three, "I am not bound to give you my reasons. I very much regret that this has happened."

"You will allow me to say good-by to your daughter," I said.

Mr. Pitcairn gave a hesitating consent, and at the same time suggested that I should at least stay to dinner. But I declined, and returning to Avice, acquainted her with the stoppage which her father had put on our designs. I am afraid I was not as much distressed as I should have been at the look of disappointment which came over her face, and at the tears which rose into her large eyes. I was, however, decidedly put out by the explanation she gave of her father's conduct.

"I did not expect he would refuse, but I am not surprised. It is Cuthbert's doing."

"Cuthbert's!" I said. "It can not be."

"But I know it is," Avice returned.

"Cuthbert is the soul of honor and friendship," I said. "What proof have you?"

"I should not have made the assertion if I had not some proof with which to support it," she replied.

"I can not believe Cuthbert would act in such a way until it is proved against him."

"You believe in me no more," Avice answered, "than a lawyer does in a witness. Perhaps papa's refusal came from some penetration into character. You do not care for me so much as you do for your friend."

I was beginning to repudiate this statement, when Mr. Pitcairn skated up to us.

"Avice," he said, "I have just been under the painful necessity, for reasons which appear satisfactory to myself, of refusing my consent to an engagement between you and Mr. Bernard. I think that, as Mr. Bernard proposes to leave us at once, your interview had better close."

Avice, a little offended still, held out her hand. I took it, bent over it, shook hands in a somewhat stiff fashion with Mr. Pitcairn, and then departed.

It is needless to say that the train which conveyed me to London conveyed a miserable man. In addition to love, friendship seemed about to be lost to me, and the double blow was a cruel one. One feels very foolish usually when one's favorite hero is thrown down from his pedestal, and made to look ridiculous in the mire. But I was too wretched to be annoyed by this view of the matter. I think I may say it was not for myself I was annoyed so much as for my friend, that so much kindness, agreeableness, and cleverness should have been but a deception; that even Cuthbert Dean, the soul of honor, should have gone the way of the rest of the world, and have shown himself deceitful and a double-dealer. I could still hardly believe it; but a very few days after my arrival in London I received a letter from Mr. Pitcairn, which thoroughly confirmed what Avice had rather hinted than stated. Mr. Pitcairn reiterated his great regret that circumstances should have occurred to cut short my visit, and expressed a hope that I should revisit Gloucestershire when the first unpleasantness had worn off. He added that, partly though not wholly, he had acted in the matter on the advice of Cuthbert.

Doubt after this, of course, was ridiculous. It was, perhaps, just as well that Cuthbert at present was away from town, as I might have gone to his rooms in my hot anger, and an irreparable quarrel have ensued somehow. As it was, I admit that for several hours I tried to devise some scheme or other of revenge. Perhaps his club might take it up as an ungentlemanly transaction; and I seriously meditated bringing his conduct before the committee of the Chesterfield, an association particularly strict respecting the honorable conduct of its members. Unfortunately, on consideration, it was apparent that the publication of the matter would inevitably make me ridiculous, as I should have to state that Mr. Dean, having induced Mr. Bernard, both members of this club, to accompany him down into Gloucestershire on the understanding that he was to recommend him to a young lady, had recommended somebody else. This would never do; and, express the thing however I could, it always appeared to me that the members of the club, when they discussed it, would use terms which made my share in the matter a supremely absurd one. "What vile creatures men were!" I said to myself. "After all, the lover in 'Maud' was right"—I had often criticised that very cross-grained hero unfavorably—"we men are a little hard. Why," I said to myself, "here was a case where, though one member had behaved most dishonorably, and another member's happiness had, in consequence, been ruined for life, I felt instinctively that if the latter laid the matter before his club, the boast of which was its punctilious honor, he would simply become its laughing-stock; and the other member's name would, without the least demur, be retained on the books." I felt that I despised my species. "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" I said to myself; and the idea of Father Ignatius's projected monastery in the Black Mountains occurred to me.

To one of my friends at the Chesterfield I did, indeed, confide the matter. The result was that my affair down in Gloucestershire began to be a a club joke against me about two days afterward, and continued to be one for a month or so, till it was worn threadbare by reiteration. As a consequence, I objected to my species more and more, and took to discovering out-of-the-way places of refreshment, where men dined whom I never saw any where else.

After I had spent a month in this very unpleasant manner I received a call one day. Formerly the non-occurrence, instead of the occurrence of this event, had been noteworthy, for when I was in good spirits I was popular, and had many friends. But now, the joke against me having been worn out, or, as I think now, but did not think then, the men seeing that the affair was really to me too painful for a jest, I did not get much of their society; only a few intimate sympathizers attempted to soothe my melancholy, and dropped in at rare intervals.

This time, however, the visitor came up much more quickly than usual—indeed, very rapidly. Looking up from the chair where I passed hour after hour of, I am afraid, weak and idle despondency, I recognized Mr. Giles. He staid with me half an hour, and his visit was, beyond all comparison, the most aggravating one I ever underwent. He was in boisterous spirits. He evidently was annoyed because I was not in boisterous spirits.

Had he learned the outside edge? I languidly asked.

Yes, he could do it splendidly; and he exemplified the attitude on my carpet. I have since learned that he has not the remotest idea of it with one foot, and hardly any with the other.

Had he only just left the Pitcairns? I inquired.

Only lately.

Was Mr. Pitcairn well?

Very well. By-the-way, in confidence, as I seemed interested, there was every probability that he would before long become a married man. Avice Pitcairn—did I recollect her? Generally thought pretty and interesting.

Indeed! I said. A positive engagement, might I ask?

Well, not exactly a positive engagement: he had not gone so far that he could be liable for breach of promise. Dangerous thing to go so far with a girl. I seemed put out—perhaps I had been the defendant some time or other in a breach-of-promise case, or the plaintiff even. Mr. Giles here laughed. He begged pardon for alluding to the subject.

At this point I confess I lost patience. I sprang up.

"Your conversation is rude and annoying," I said; and I was going on to express my sentiments in the same free manner, but Mr. Giles had himself risen, and was already descending my stairs with greater rapidity even than he had climbed them. A sudden anxiety took possession of my mind that his precipitation would result in a fall; but rushing out upon the landing, I saw that Giles had already reached the bottom, and was passing out through the door. I shouted, "Good-morning!" repentant of my rudeness; but Giles did not reply. He was half-way down the street already.

I was left in worse plight than ever. Hitherto I had only blamed fortune; and the hope that, notwithstanding our little quarrel, Avice was thinking of me in the quiet Gloucestershire manor-house, as I was of her in the crowded streets of London, had been some consolation. But now Avice was false as I was faithful. A pleasant predicament always; insult, as it were, added to injury; despair, too, instead of hope; for, till Giles's visit, hope had lingered with me. I had hitherto still hoped against hope, clinging to the idea that the obstacle to our engagement was, after all, one of the ordinary crosses of love; but now matters seemed serious indeed. All, in fact, was over. Lost to me forever was the desire of my remaining days—the only thing that, youth being now nigh spent, seemed sweet between me and the grave. Lost was the fair pure English girl whom I had hoped to

> Bear with me smiling through the shocks of life;

and that with the loss of love should be involved the loss of friend seemed to me harder still. Only for a few days, however, I lay in this abyss of despondency. I then received a letter from Avice, which very decidedly established the fact that Mr. Giles had a tendency to gasconade. She said that she wrote with great hesitation, inasmuch as she was compelled to do it without her father's knowledge. But she thought I ought to be prevented from receiving any false impression that her marriage to Mr. Giles was forthcoming. Mr. Giles had stated his intention of visiting me in London (of that visit, and of what occurred at it, the reader has been informed), and she knew that he was a little addicted to exaggeration; and his wild statements were generally made to the advancement of his own reputation. But I was to remember, Avice said, that she was a girl of her word; and having passed that, she would keep it (so far as remaining single for my sake went), unless I would release her. And even if I did release her, she would not accept Mr. Giles.

With this the letter ended; but there was inclosed (it was February by this time) the first flower of the year—a snow-drop.

I gazed at the snow-drop for about three-quarters of an hour, and then placed it in water in a vase on the mantel-piece. It refreshed my eyes much during the day, till toward evening I went out to dine, revisiting, for the first time for many days, the Chesterfield. My reappearance there pleased my friends, who welcomed me, and congratulated me on the improvement in my spirits.

When I returned to my room the first object I saw, on opening my door, was a man with his back partly turned toward me deliberately examining my snow-drop, which he had taken out of the vase. Looking again, I recognized Cuthbert. This was coolness, indeed; and my feelings rose to a height of fury compared to which those I had lately entertained toward Giles in the same apartments were the milk of human kindness.

Cuthbert had turned as I entered, and now came toward me, holding out his hand. But I stood still, folding my arms, in an attitude of rejection as dignified as it is possible to conceive. Cuthbert stopped, and his face wore a look of genuine astonishment.

"You act well, Sir," I said; "but it won't do. I have learned lately not to be surprised at very remarkable circumstances; but I confess I *am* surprised at your insolence in visiting these rooms. Allow me to add that the sooner you are out of them the better."

"You compliment me on my powers of acting," Cuthbert said, taking up a very unconstrained position in front of my fire-place; "but I think that it is you who have missed your vocation in not going on the stage—on the transpontine stage, at least. However, I partly guess the cause of your denunciations. Now let us have an armistice, and come down with me to-morrow to Gloucestershire. You have been mistaken."

"Can you clear yourself?" I said, eagerly.

"Come and see," Cuthbert said, tranquilly. "And now let me tell you of my wanderings. I have been abroad, as you know." And settling himself in my easiest chair, Cuthbert began to talk of a foreign tour he had just been making fluently and easily; and inasmuch as from his manner I saw that he at all events hoped to vindicate himself, and as I had some idea on my part that our journey of to-morrow would lead to something better even than restored friendship, I too sat down, and listened affably.

It was exhilarating on our arrival next day to meet Avice in the avenue, accompanied by Giles. But a shy look that she gave me when we shook hands reassured me. It was a look that indicated much more pleasure than did that with which Giles regarded Cuthbert. So red did Giles grow, and so confused did he seem, that I noted his embarrassment even while I drank the look of Avice's eyes. By this time Mr. Pitcairn appeared in the avenue, and came up to us, not looking over well pleased when he recognized me. However, he made a shift to be agreeable, and remarked that he was afraid February would go without another frost.

"I hope the winter is gone in other ways," Cuthbert said. "As we are all here together, I may as well force matters to a general explanation at once. When I recommended Mr. Giles to you, Pitcairn, as a son-in-law, in place of my friend Bernard, on the sole ground that the former was the richer, you ought not to have divulged by whom the recommendation was made."

"Perhaps I ought not," Mr. Pitcairn said, reddening; "it was careless on my part. But don't you think this conversation had better be dropped? It is not upon your recommendation that I urge my daughter to accept Mr. Giles, but upon my own."

"Please do not go, Miss Pitcairn," Cuthbert said. Avice staid. "When I recommended Mr. Giles to you I did so in sincerity, supposing it very possible that your daughter might be willing to place herself in a position to give him annual instructions in the outside edge—in other words, to marry him. But it seems she is unwilling still."

"Against my wishes—against my strong wishes for her welfare."

"You mean that, there being two candidates for your daughter's hand, one rich, the other only fairly endowed in that direction, you prefer the former."

"It is very cool of you thus publicly to catechise me on my own grounds," Mr. Pitcairn said. "But for our relationship and friendship, I should stigmatize your conduct in stronger terms."

Cuthbert interrupted:

"I am surprised at you, Pitcairn. You are a decent fellow generally, and yet you are yielding to the unrighteous Mammon in a most inexcusable manner. You want to force Giles on your daughter, because he will be able to buy a large property in the county."

"I wish her to marry him," Mr. Pitcairn said, coldly; "and also that this conversation should cease."

"If I acted on your last wish," Cuthbert said, "and Avice acted on your first, and acted, after what has occurred, as I should know, most reluctantly, you would repent it to the last day of your life."

"And how so, Sir?" Mr. Pitcairn said.

"That fifty thousand pounds, which is Giles's great attractiveness, would be reduced," Cuthbert answered, "to a small annuity, enough to enable Giles to buy a pair of skates now and then as a luxury; but not more than enough."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" Mr. Pitcairn said. "You are wrong, my good man. Isn't he, Giles?"

Giles, who had stood biting the end of his stick during this dialogue, replied in a very hang-dog manner,

"Not entirely so, I suppose."

"You speak truly for once," Cuthbert said, regarding Giles rather severely. "I'll explain. A very large sum of money, double exactly of what Giles will have, was left to me by an uncle of both of us, who, preferring me, left me every penny of his property. I thought this unjust, and I have, therefore, in my possession a deed of gift making over half this sum to Giles when he comes of age. That is his prospective property. Now, if he proceeds in this affair any farther, I shall simply destroy that deed of gift. What do you say, Giles?"

"Why, that the matter must be given up, of course," Giles returned without hesitation.

"Very well," Cuthbert said; and turning to me, "You understand, old fellow, I hope, *why* I recommended Giles. From a circumstance which happened to me once, by reason of which I shall remain unmarried through life, I conceived the desirability of proving a wife before she is chosen. I have done as much for you."

"And a very humorous way you seem to have of settling the matrimonial arrangements of my family," Mr. Pitcairn said. "Don't think I shall fall in with your ideas for one;" and he went angrily into the house by himself.

"There'll only be a few light March frosts before the flowers," Cuthbert said. Avice was weeping.

But she is now Mrs. Bernard, and does not weep, I think, much more than most people.

GHOST-SEEING.

WE find quite an interesting account of ghost-seeing in the pages of a work entitled "Arcana of Spiritualism," and a still more interesting explanation of why ghosts are sometimes seen. The author of the work says that ghosts are nothing more than a luminous, gaseous flame that arises from all bodies, and especially those undergoing decomposition. These emanations, he says, are of so ethereal a nature that only persons of peculiar organizations can see them, unless, on some occasions, where they are present in great force. Of course, in grave-yards, for instance, it "takes no great stretch of fancy to shape the upright, luminous, waving cloud into human form." The author pronounces this a simple fact in chemistry, and thinks it singular that from it should have arisen all the unbelievable stories of ghosts and hobgoblins which float through people's brains and terrify them; all "having no more existence than a wisp of flame or fog-like cloud." A singular instance is given as happening in Germany, in a locality known as Pfeffel's Garden, at Colmar. Pfeffel will be remembered as the blind German poet, and he had engaged a young clergyman named Billing as his amanuensis. The poet was always led by his amanuensis when he walked out, which was most frequently in his garden. After a time Pfeffel remarked that every time they came to a particular spot in the garden Billing's arm trembled, and he manifested uneasiness. Some conversation about it finally occurred, when the young clergyman reluctantly stated that as often as they passed that spot certain sensations attacked him, which he could not overcome, and which he always experienced at places where human bodies were buried. When he came to such places at night he saw strange sights. With a view to cure this man of his delusion, the poet returned with him to the garden that night; and, when near enough, Billing said he saw what at first appeared to be a white, immaterial flame, which then took the form of a woman—one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, wavering, or at rest, the feet elevated about two hand-breadths above the ground. Pfeffel walked up to it, as the young man would not, and struck through the spot with his cane; but the spectre did not move nor alter. It was as when one strikes a stick through a flame: the fiery shape always recovered the same form. Many others also saw it, and quite a sensation was created; and at last Pfeffel had the place dug up, when a skeleton was found, covered with quick-lime, as in time of pestilence. The bones were taken out, the hole filled up, and the spectre was never seen again.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

THOMAS MOORE.

By S. C. HALL.

MANY years have gone—nearly half a century, indeed—since I had first the honor to converse with the poet THOMAS MOORE. Afterward it was my privilege to know him intimately. He seldom, of late years, visited London without spending an evening at our house; and in 1845 we passed a week at his cottage, Sloperton—his happy home in Wiltshire.

> "In my kalendar
> There are no whiter days!"

The poet has himself noted the time in his Diary (November, 1845), and the terms in which he refers to our visit can not but gratify us much.

In the year 1822 I made his acquaintance in Dublin, while I was a casual resident there. Moore was in the full ripeness of middle age; then, as ever, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." As his visits to his native city were few and far between, the power to see him, and especially to hear him, was a boon of magnitude. It was, indeed, a treat when, seated at the piano, he gave voice to the glorious "Melodies" that are justly regarded as the most valuable of his legacies to mankind. I can recall that evening as vividly as if it were not a sevennight old; the graceful man, small and slim in figure, his upturned eyes and eloquent features giving force to the music that accompanied the songs, or, rather, to the songs that accompanied the music.

Dublin was then the home of much of the native talent that afterward found its way to England; and there were some—Lady Morgan especially—whose "Evenings" drew together the wit and genius for which that city has been always famous. When I write a Memory of "Sydney, Lady Morgan," I may have something to say of the brilliancy of those evenings, although then (as now) there were two "societies" which rarely mingled the one with the other. In Ireland it never has been as in England, where public differences seldom interrupt private intercourse, and where cordial friendships exist between persons of very opposite opinions in both religion and politics. But the poet Moore was an "influence" that rendered powerless, for a time, the evil spirit of Party; and it was not difficult, on such occasions as that I describe, to attract around him all that was most eminent and distinguished in the Irish capital. I was then very young—a hero-worshiper, as I have been from that day to this; and though he was to me "a star apart," I remember his cordial reception with an amount of gratitude that time has neither lessened nor weakened. It is a great privilege—the belief that I may repay some portion of the debt, nearly fifty years after it was contracted.

Among the guests on the evening to which I make special reference were the poet's father, mother, and sister—the sister to whom he was so fervently attached. The father was a plain, homely man;[*] nothing more, and assuming to be nothing more, than a Dublin tradesman. The mother evidently possessed a far higher mind. She, too, was retiring and unpretending; like her great son in features—with the same gentle yet sparkling eye, flexible and smiling mouth, and kindly and conciliating manners. It was to be learned, long afterward. how deep was the affection that existed in the poet's heart for these relatives—how fervid the love he bore them—how earnest the respect with which he invariably treated them—nay, how elevated was the pride with which he regarded them from first to last.

The sister, Ellen, was, I believe, slightly deformed; at least the memory to me is that of a small, delicate woman, with one shoulder "out." The expression of her countenance betokened suffering, having that peculiar "sharpness" which usually accompanies continuous bodily ailment.[†] I saw more of her some years afterward, and knew that her mind and disposition were essentially lovable. She was the poet's friend as well as sister.

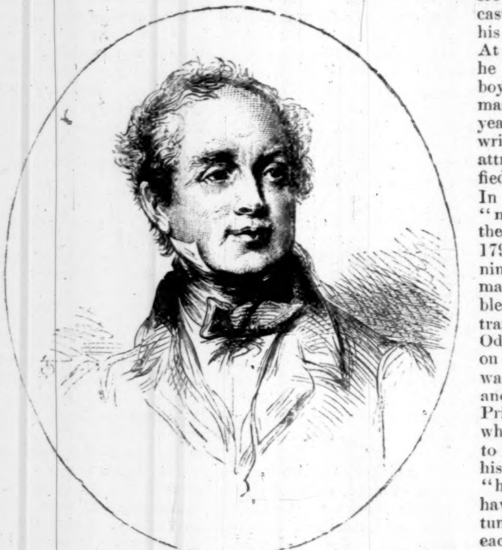
To the mother—Anastasia Moore, *née* Codd, a humbly descended, homely, and almost uneducated woman[‡]—Moore gave intense respect and devoted affection, from the time that reason dawned upon him to the hour of her death. To her he wrote his first letter (in 1793), ending thus:

> "Your absence all but ill endure,
> And none so ill as—THOMAS MOORE."

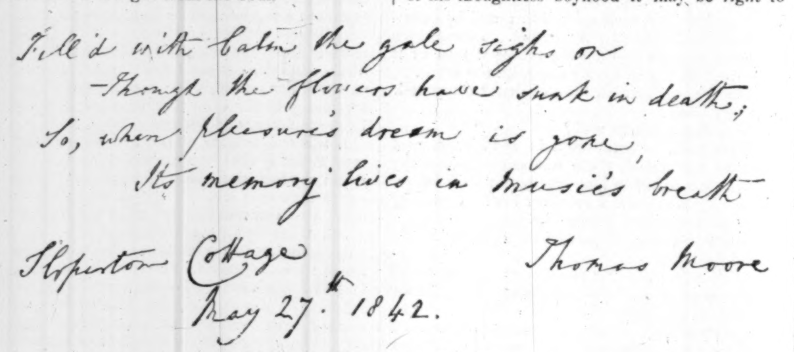
And in the zenith of his fame, when society drew largely on his time, and the highest and best in the land coveted a portion of his leisure, with her he corresponded so regularly that at her death she possessed (so Mrs. Moore told me) four thousand of his letters. Never, according to the statement of Earl Russell, did he pass a week without writing to her *twice*, except while absent in Bermuda, when franks were not to be obtained, and postages were costly. When a world had tendered to him its homage, still the homely woman was his "darling mother," to whom he transmitted a record of his cares and triumphs, anxieties and hopes, as if he considered—as I verily believe he did consider—that to give her pleasure was the chief enjoyment of his life. His sister—"excellent Nell"—occupied only a second place in his heart; while his father received as much of his respect as if he had been the hereditary representative of a line of kings. All his life long "he continued," according to one of the most valued of his correspondents, "amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve his home fireside affections true and genuine, as they were when a boy." To his mother he writes of all his facts and fancies; to her he opens his heart in its natural and innocent fullness; tells her of each thing, great or small, that, interesting him, must interest her—from his introduction to the Prince, and his visit to Niagara, to the acquisition of a pencil-case, and the purchase of a pocket-handkerchief. "You, dear mother," he writes, "can see neither frivolity nor egotism in these details."

Evidences of his deep love and veneration for his mother are sufficiently abundant. I add to them one more. The nephew of Mrs. Moore, Charles Murray, recently gave to me a small MS. volume of early poems, "written out" for his mother (it has no date); it is thus prefaced:

"For her who was the critic of my first infant productions I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. The smile of *her* approbation and the tear of *her* affection were the earliest rewards of my lisping numbers; and however the efforts of my maturer powers may aspire to the applause of a less partial judge, still will the praises which she bestows be dearer, far dearer, to my mind than any. The critic praises from the head—the mother praises from the heart. With *one* it is a tribute of the judgment; with the *other* it is a gift from the Soul."[*]



THOMAS MOORE.



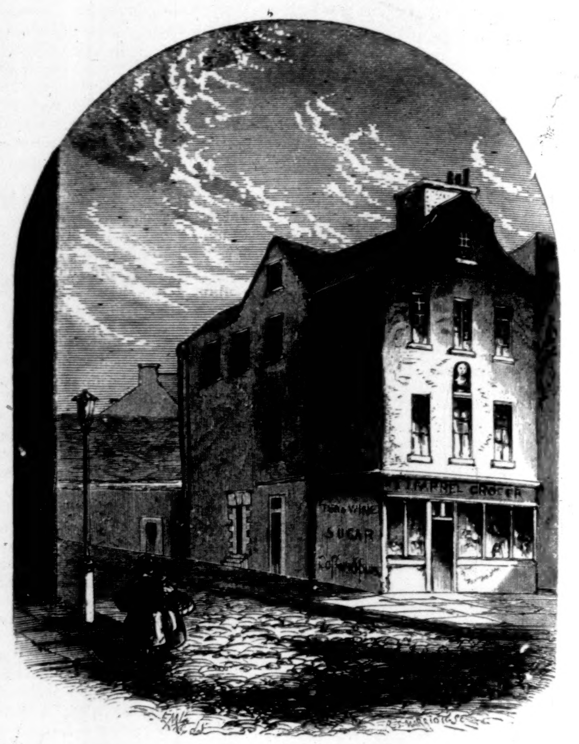
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath—

Sloperton Cottage Thomas Moore
May 27th 1842.

FAC-SIMILE OF MOORE'S HANDWRITING.

In 1806 Moore's father received, through the interest of Lord Moira, the post of Barrack-master in Dublin, and thus became independent. In 1815 "retrenchment" deprived him of that office, and he was placed on half-pay. The family had to seek aid from the son, who entreated them not to despond, but rather to thank Providence for having permitted them to enjoy the fruits of office so long, till he (the son) was "in a situation to keep them in comfort without it." "Thank Heaven," he writes afterward of his father, "I have been able to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable."—When sitting beside his death-bed (in 1825) he was relieved by a burst of tears and prayers. and by "a sort of confidence that the Great and Pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased at what He saw passing in my mind."[*]

When Lord Wellesley (Lord Lieutenant), after the death of the father, proposed to continue the half-pay to the sister, Moore declined the offer, although he adds, "God knows how useful such aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burdens now heaped upon me;" and his wife was planning how "they might be able to do with one servant," that they might be the better able to assist his mother.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

The poet was born at the corner of Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and died at Sloperton on the 25th of February,[†] 1852, at the age of seventy-two. What a full life it was! Industry a fellow-worker with Genius for nearly sixty years!

He was a sort of "show-child" almost from his birth, and could barely walk when it was jestingly said of him he passed all his nights with fairies on the hills. "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." Almost his earliest memory was his having been crowned king of a castle by some of his play-fellows. At his first school he was the show-boy of the school-master; at thirteen years old he had written poetry that attracted and justified admiration. In 1797 he was a "man of mark" at the University. In 1798, at the age of nineteen, he had made "considerable progress" in translating the Odes of Anacreon; and in 1800 he was "patronized" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, who was "happy to know a man of his abilities," and "hoped they might have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society."[‡]

His earliest printed work, "Poems by Thomas Little," has been the subject of much, and perhaps merited, condemnation. Of Moore's own feeling in reference to these compositions of his thoughtless boyhood it may be right to quote three of the dearest of his friends. Thus writes Lisle Bowles of Thomas Moore, in allusion to these early poems—

> "Like Israel's incense, laid
> Upon unholy earthly shrines:"

"Who, if in the unthinking gayety of premature genius he joined the sirens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and, as far as the muse is concerned, *more* ample amends, by melodies as sweet as Scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale of the richest Oriental colors which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages." This is the statement of his friend Rogers: "So heartily has Moore repented of having published 'Little's Poems' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." And thus writes Jeffrey: "He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor."

I allude to his early triumphs only to show that, while they would have "spoiled" nine men out of ten, they failed to taint the character of Moore. His modest estimate of himself was from first to last a leading feature in his character. Success never engendered egotism; honors never seemed to him only the recompense of desert: he largely magnified the favors he received, and seemed to consider as mere "nothings" the services he rendered, and the benefits he conferred. That was his great characteristic—all his life. I have myself evidence to adduce on this head. In illustration I print a letter I received from Moore, dated "Sloperton, November 29, 1843:"

> "MY DEAR MR. HALL,—I am really and truly ashamed of myself for having let so many acts of kindness on your part remain unnoticed and unacknowledged on mine. But the world seems determined to make me a man of letters in more senses than one, and almost every day brings me such an influx of epistles from mere strangers that friends hardly ever get a line from me. My friend Washington Irving used to say, 'It is much easier to get a book from Moore than a letter.' But this has not been the case, I am sorry to say, of late; for the penny-post has become the sole channel of my inspirations. How *am* I to thank you sufficiently for all your and Mrs. Hall's kindness to me? She must come down here when the summer arrives, and be thanked *a quattr' occhi*—a far better way of thanking than at such a cold distance. Your letter to the mad Repealers was far too good and wise and gentle to have much effect upon such Rantipoles."[*]

The house in Aungier Street I have pictured. I visited it in 1864, and again in 1869. It was then, and still is, as it was in 1779, the dwelling of a grocer—altered only in so far as that a bust of the poet is placed over the door, and the fact that he was born there is recorded on a marble tablet.[†] May no modern "improvement" ever touch it!

> "The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

This humble dwelling of the humble tradesman is the house of which the poet speaks in so many of his early letters and memoranda. Here, when a child in years, he arranged a debating society, consisting of himself and his father's two "clerks;" here he picked up a little Italian from a kindly old priest who had passed some time in Italy, and obtained a "smattering of French;" here his tender mother watched over his boyhood, proud of his opening promise, and hopeful, yet apprehensive, of his future; here he and his sister, "excellent Nell," acquired music, first upon an old harpsichord, obtained by his father in discharge of a debt, and afterward on a piano, to buy which his loving mother had saved up all superfluous pence. Hither he came—not less proudly, yet as fondly as ever—when college magnates gave him honors, and the Viceroy had received him as a guest.

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[*] Mrs. Moore—writing to me in May, 1864—told me I had a wrong impression as to Moore's father; that he was "handsome, full of fun, and with good manners." Moore calls him "one of Nature's gentlemen."

[†] Mrs. Moore wrote to me that here also I had a wrong impression. "She was only a little grown out in one shoulder, but with good health. Her expression was feeling, not suffering." "Dear Ellen," she added, "was the delight of every one who knew her—sang sweetly—her voice very like her brother's. She died suddenly, to the grief of my loving heart."

[‡] She was born in Wexford, where her father kept a "general shop." Moore used to say, playfully, that he was called, in order to dignify his occupation, "a provision merchant." When on his way to Bannow, in 1835, to spend a few days with his friend, Thomas Boyse—a genuine gentleman of the good old school—he records his visit to the house of his maternal grandfather. "Nothing," he says, "could be more humble and mean than the little low house that remains to tell of his whereabouts."

I visited this house in the summer of 1864. It is still a small "general shop," situate in the old cornmarket of Wexford. The rooms are more than usually "quaint." Here Mrs. Moore lived until within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son. We are gratified to record that, at our suggestion, a tablet has been placed over the entrance door, stating, in few words, the fact that there the mother was born and lived, and that to this house the poet came, on the 26th August, 1835, when in the zenith of his fame, to render homage to her memory. He thus writes of her and her birthplace in his "Notes" of that year: "One of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof." (I have used the words "at our suggestion," but, in fact, it was at our sole cost that the tablet was so placed. We had thought it in better taste to erect it by subscription; but the attempt to raise money for the purpose was a failure.)

[*] The book is written in a somewhat boyish hand—that of Moore in his youth. On a fly-leaf, in the later hand of the poet, is this passage: "Very juvenile poems, indeed."

[*] At a grand dinner given to him in Dublin (his father and mother being both present), on the health of Mr. Moore senior being given, Moore said: "If I deserve (which I can not persuade myself I do) one-half of the honors you have this day heaped upon me, to *him*, and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother—one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced—whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of her countrymen, which, thank God, she lives this day to witness."

[†] I find in Earl Russell's Memoir the date given as the 26th February; but Mrs. Moore altered it (in a letter to me) to February 25.

[‡] On the 9th of April, 1795, at a meeting of Roman Catholics in Dublin, the youth Thomas Moore made a speech. On that day Moore headed a large body of students of the University, and presented an address to Henry Grattan. Moore's address was energetic, eloquent, and impressive: it was a fervid demand for "emancipation," of which he was all his life long the earnest advocate. The following is a passage from that speech: "In declaring their sensations on this day, at this important period, the youth of Ireland, the nation's rising sun, bursting from these clouds of bigotry, opacity, and darkness, with which they have been enveloped—give you—give Ireland—a solemn instance of uncorrupted honor and pure integrity; an instance at which the Minister of Britain, in his plenitude of power, must stand appalled, and conclude that the 'rising, as well as the passing generation,' unite in one voice—the voice of reason and justice—for your emancipation—that basis of liberty, that pledge of reform."

[*] Alluding to a Letter I had printed concerning the Irish agitation for Repeal of the Union.

[†] I regret to say it *was* so recorded. I procured a white marble slab, had the fact of his birth in that house engraved upon it, and obtained the sanction of the owner of the house to put it over the door. I paid the expense of so fixing it. In 1869, on visiting the house, I found, to my surprise and indignation, that it had been removed. On my inquiring of the *then* occupier the cause of this outrage, he coolly informed me that when the house was repainted he took it down, and had not thought it worth while to restore it. I asked him if he would do so on my paying the cost; but he declined to give me any promise to that effect. I endeavored to induce him to give me back the slab, but that also he refused to do.

I trust this note will draw the attention of some more powerful "intercessor" to the discreditable fact, and that an Irishman will do what I, as an Englishman, failed to do.

In 1835 he records "a visit to No. 12 Aungier Street, where I was born;" "visited every part of the house; the small old yard and its appurtenances; the small dark kitchen, where I used to have my bread and milk; the front and drawing rooms; the bedrooms and garrets—murmuring, 'Only think, a grocer's still!'" "The many thoughts that came rushing upon me while thus visiting the house where the first twenty years of my life were passed may be more easily conceived than told." He records, with greater unction than he did his visit to the Prince of Wales, his sitting with the grocer and his wife at their table, and drinking in a glass of their wine her and her husband's "good health." Thence he went, with all his "recollections of the old shop about him," to a grand dinner at the Viceregal Lodge!

I spring with a single line from the year 1822, when I knew him first, to the year 1845, when circumstances enabled us to enjoy the long-looked-for happiness of visiting Moore and his beloved wife in their home—Sloperton.*

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had, in a great measure, retired from actual labor; indeed, it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily it was not absolutely needed; for, with very limited wants, there was a sufficiency—a bare sufficiency, however, for there were no means to procure either the elegancies or the luxuries which so frequently become necessaries, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers and the associate of princes.

The forests and fields that surround Bowood, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, neighbor the poet's humble dwelling; the spire of the village church—the church of Bromham—beside the portals of which he now "rests"—is seen above adjacent trees. Laborers' cottages are scattered all about. They are a heavy and unimaginative race, those peasants of Wiltshire; and, knowing their neighbor had written books, they could by no means get rid of the idea that he was the writer of "Moore's Almanack!" and perpetually greeted him with a salutation, in hopes to receive in return some prognostic of the weather that might guide them in arrangements for seed-time and harvest. Once, when he had lost his way—wandering till midnight—he roused up the inmates of a cottage in search of a guide to Sloperton, and found he was close to his own gate. "Ah, Sir," said the peasant, "that comes of yer sky-scraping!"

He was fond of telling of himself such simple anecdotes as this; indeed, I remember his saying that no public applause had ever given him so much pleasure as a compliment from a half-wild countryman, who stood right in his path on a quay in Dublin, and exclaimed, slightly altering the words of Byron, "Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the *pote* of all circles, and the *darlint* of his own."

I recall him at this moment—his small form and intellectual face, rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindliest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner, I had noticed as the attributes of his comparative youth: a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm, and full, with the organs of music and gayety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. Tenerani, when making his bust, praised the form of his ears. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature. He had so much bodily activity as to give him the character of restlessness; and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very gray, and he wore his hat with the "jaunty" air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means particular. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says: "His forehead is bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples." Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him: "He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance." He writes also of "the buoyancy of his spirits, and the inward light of his mind;" and adds, "There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry." This is the tribute of Scott: "There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him, which is delightful." In 1835 this portrait of the poet was drawn by the American, N. P. Willis: "His eyes sparkle like a Champagne bubble; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enameled on his cheek; his lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; the slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates."

"The light that surrounds him is all from within."

He had but little voice; yet he sung with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers: it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt much of this charm was derived from association; for it was only his own melodies he sung. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing.* I remember some one saying to me it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Thrice I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow"—once in 1822, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the intense delight of his auditors.

I occasionally met Moore in public, and once or twice at public dinners. One of the most agreeable evenings I ever passed was in 1830, at a dinner given to him by the members of "The Literary Union." That "club" was founded in 1829 by the poet Campbell. I may have to speak of it when I write a Memory of him. Moore was then in strong health, and in the zenith of his fame. There were many men of mark about him—leading wits and men of letters. He was full of life, sparkling and brilliant in all he said, rising every now and then to say something that gave the hearers delight, and looking as if "dull care" had been ever powerless to check the overflowing of his soul. But although no bard of any age knew better how to

"Wreathe the bowl
with flowers of soul,"

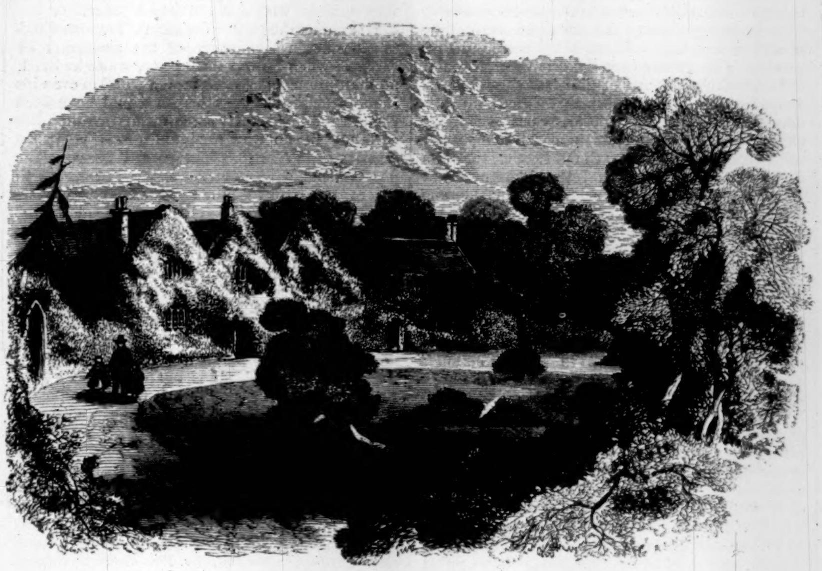
he had acquired the power of self-restraint, and could "stop" when the glass was circulating too freely.†

Moore sat for his portrait to Shee, Lawrence, Newton, Maclise, Mulvany, and Richmond, and to the sculptors Tenerani, Chantry, Kirk, and Moore. On one occasion of his sittings he says, "Having nothing in my round potato face but what painters can not catch—mobility of character—the consequence is that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two disagreeable things—a *caput mortuum* or a caricature." Richmond's portrait was taken in 1843. Moore says of it, "The artist has worked wonders with unmanageable faces such as mine." Of all his portraits this is the one that pleases me best, and most forcibly recalls him to my remembrance. It is the one I have engraved at the head of this Memory.

I soon learned to love the man. It was impossible not to do so; for nature had endowed him with that rare but happy gift—to have pleasure in giving pleasure, and pain in giving pain; while his life was, or at all events seemed to be, a practical comment on his own lines:

"They may rail at this life; from the hour I began it
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss."

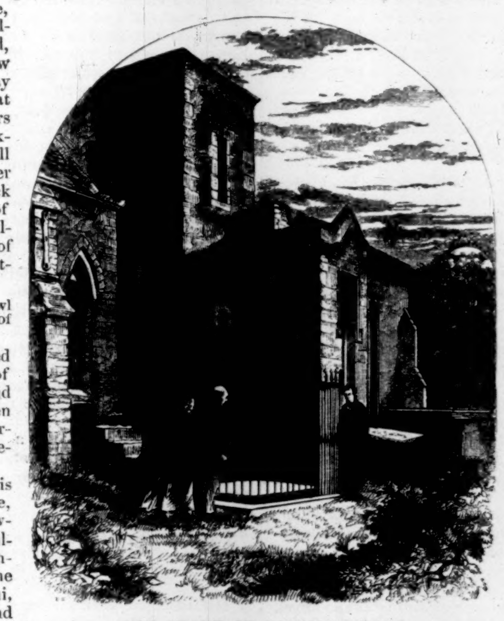
I had daily walks with him at Sloperton—along his "terrace-walk"—during our brief visit; I listening, he talking; he now and then asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books.



SLOPERTON, THE DWELLING OF THOMAS MOORE.

Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference was the "Lines on the Death of Sheridan," of which he said, "That is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud."

The anecdotes he told me were all of the class of those I have related—simple, unostentatious. He has been frequently charged with the weakness of undue respect for the aristocracy. I never heard him, during the whole of our intercourse, speak of great people with whom he had been intimate; never a word of the honors accorded to him; and certainly he never uttered a sentence of satire, or censure, or harshness concerning any one of his contemporaries. I remember his describing with proud warmth his visit to his friend Boyse, at Bannow, in the County of Wexford; the delight he enjoyed at receiving the homage of bands of the peasantry gathered to greet him; the arches of green leaves under which he passed; and the dances with the pretty peasant girls—one in particular, with whom he led off a country dance. Would that those who fancied him a tuft-hunter could have heard him! they would have seen how really humble was his heart.* Reference to his Journal will show that of all his contemporaries—whenever he spoke of them—he had something kindly to say. There is no evidence of ill-nature in any case—not a shadow of envy or jealousy. The sturdiest Scottish grazier could not have been better pleased than he was to see the elegant home—evidence of prosperity—Abbotsford.



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a year, "furnished." Subsequently, however, he became its tenant under a repairing lease, at £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November 1817. Bessy was "not only satisfied, but delighted with it, which shows the humility of her taste," writes Moore to his mother; "for it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it, furnished, for £40 a year."† "It has a small garden and lawn in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; along two of the sides of this kitchen-garden is a raised bank"—the poet's "terrace-walk;" so he loved to call it. Here a small deal table stood through all weathers; for it was his custom to compose as he walked, and at this table to pause and write down his thoughts.* Hence he had always a view of the setting sun; and I believe few things on earth gave him more pleasure than practically to realize the line,

"How glorious the sun looked in sinking!"

for, as Mrs. Moore informed us, he very rarely missed that sight.

In 1811, the year of his marriage, he lived at York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton. Mrs. Moore told us it was then a pretty house. The Terrace was isolated, and opposite nursery gardens.† Long afterward (in 1824) he went to Brompton to "indulge himself with a sight of that house." In 1812 he was settled at Kegworth,‡ and in 1813 at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Of Mayfield one of his friends, who, twenty years afterward, accompanied him there to see it, remarks on the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage where all the fine "Orientalism" and "sentimentalism" had been engendered. Of this cottage he himself writes, "It was a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable." The rent Moore paid for it was £20 a year. It was then "within twenty-four hours' drive of town," *i. e.*, London. It is no better than a poor place now. I visited the house in the autumn of 1869, in company with my friend Llewellyn Jewett, who furnishes me with the following description:

"Situate only a couple of miles from Ashbourne, within walking distance of Dove Dale, and in the midst of most charming scenery, Mayfield Cottage may have become a delicious, though it was a homely retreat. The cottage is a plain square building, with a hipped roof. In front is a small flower-garden, slightly terraced, and a path leads up to the front-door, which is in the centre of the building, and is covered with a simple trellised porch. There are only four windows—two on the ground-floor, one in the 'houseplace' and the other in the 'parlor,' and two up stairs in the bedrooms. The rooms are small, and have brick floors, and have nothing 'cozy,' or nice, or inviting about them. There are also a kitchen and a dairy on the ground-floor, for the cottage is now a small farm-house. The bedrooms are, like the lower apartments, small and uninviting. The poet's own room—that in which he slept—is the one on the left, and on a pane of the window the following lines are scratched on the glass, and are said—though without any evidence—to have been so scratched by Moore himself:

'I ask not always in your breast
In solitude to be;
But whether mournful, whether blest,
Sometimes remember me.
Old Moore's Almanack.

'I ask not always for thy smile,
Lot of some happier one;
But sometimes be with feelings fraught
O'er joys now past and gone.

'I ask not always for those sighs
Which make thy bosom swell;
But still in this fond heart of mine
Those strong affections dwell.'

I have placed a portrait of Moore over the chimney-piece in that room. The front of the cottage is partly overgrown with foliage, and is surrounded by trees; there is a small 'arbor,' where the poet was wont to sit and write, but the room he is said to have usually 'written in' is now used as a dairy: even when he resided there it must have been sadly unsuited to his mind."

At Mayfield "Lalla Rookh" was written; and here it was "little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door till I was much more hot and tired than my little play-fellow." The district has other memories. Not far off resided for a time Jean Jacques Rousseau, and here he wrote his "Confessions;" Ward, the author of "Tremaine," here lived and worked: the Dove is consecrated to the memories of Walton and Cotton—here they studied the gentle craft; Congreve, not far off, penned his first drama; Dr. Johnson visited here his friend Dr. Taylor; Dr. Greaves, the author of "The Spiritual Quixote," had his home here; and here—or rather not far off—is laid the scene of one of the most remarkable novels of modern time, "Adam Bede." Moreover, the Dove is one of the very loveliest rivers of England.

Moore had a public appointment. As Burns was made a gauger because he was partial to whisky, Moore was made "Registrar to the Admiralty" in Bermuda, where his principal duty was to "overhaul the accounts of skippers and their mates." Being called to England, his affairs were placed in charge of a superintendent, who betrayed him, and left him answerable for a heavy debt, which rendered necessary a temporary residence in Paris. The debt, however, was paid, not by the aid of friends, some of whom would have gladly relieved him of it, but literally by "the sweat of his brow." Exactly so it was when the MS. "Life of Byron" was burned: it was by Moore, and not by the relatives of Byron (nor by aid of friends), the money he had received was returned to the publisher who had advanced it.[*] "The glorious privilege of being independent" was indeed essentially his —in his boyhood, throughout his manhood, and in advanced age—always!

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* Our intercourse was a result of his having quoted, in his "History of Ireland," some stanzas from a poem I had written, entitled "Jerpoint Abbey"—privately printed in 1823.

* In 1806 Lucy Aitken thus wrote of the young poet: "He sung us some of his own sweet little songs, set to his own music, and rendered doubly touching by a voice the most sweet, an utterance the most articulate, and expression the most deep and varied that I had ever witnessed."

† At the memorable dinner of the Literary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842), the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came on the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of deep sorrow and bitter reproach in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age and country must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new among us.

It is gratifying to record that the temptations to which the great lyric poet Thomas Moore was so often and so peculiarly exposed were ever powerless for wrong.

* I have seen the following passage from the Journal quoted as evidence of the mean subserviency of Moore: "Called at Lansdowne House, *and was let in.*" The generous critic overlooked another passage in the Journal as follows: "Lord Lansdowne called, *and was let in.*"

† One of Mrs. Moore's dearest friends informs me that Moore "almost entirely rebuilt the lower part of the cottage. The drawing-room remained as of old; the library had a small ante-room added to it, the wall and door being removed, the whole raised, and the ceiling arched."

* He was always in motion when he composed. If the weather prevented his walking on the terrace, he would pace up and down his small study: the length of his walk was indicated by the state of the carpet; the places where his steps turned were, at both ends, worn into holes.

† It is now part and parcel of a populous suburb—a house in a row. I regret that I can not indicate the number, but believe it to be No. 5.

‡ His daughter Anastasia Mary was born here on the 4th February, 1813. Of Kegworth he writes: "Bessy is quite pleased with our new house, and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her after our very limited domain at Brompton."

In 1799 he came to London to enter at the Middle Temple. His first lodging was at 44 George Street, Portman Square. Very soon afterward we find him declining a loan of money proffered by Lady Donegal. He thanked God for the many sweet things of this kind He had thrown in his way, yet at that moment he was "terribly puzzled how to pay his tailor." In 1811 his friend Douglas, who had just received a large legacy, handed him a blank check, that he might fill it up for any sum he needed. "I did not accept the offer," writes Moore to his mother, "but you may guess my feelings." Yet, just then, he had been compelled to draw on his publisher, Power, for a sum of £30, "to be repaid partly in songs," and was sending his mother a second-day paper, which he was enabled "to purchase at rather a cheap rate." Even in 1842 he was "haunted worryingly," not knowing how to meet his son Russell's draft for £100; and a year afterward he utterly drained his banker to send £50 to his son Tom. Once, being anxious that Bessy should have some money for the poor at Bromham, he sent a friend £5, requesting him to forward it to Bessy, as from himself; and when urged by some thoughtless person to make a larger allowance to his son Tom, in order that he might "live like a gentleman," he writes, "If *I* had thought but of living like a gentleman, what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?" He declined to represent Limerick in Parliament, on the ground that his "circumstances were not such as to justify coming into Parliament at all, because to the labor of the day I am indebted for my daily support." He must have a miserable soul who could sneer at the poet studying how he might manage to recompense the doctor who would "take no fees;" or at his "amusement" when Bessy was "calculating whether they could afford the expense of a fly to Devizes;" or when he writes of his wife's "democratic pride," that makes her "prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors;" or at his thinking she never looked so handsome as when (in 1830) sitting by his mother's side (in Abbey Street), and with his sister Nell, "just the same gentle spirit as ever" —"had a most happy family dinner;" and next day receiving the homage of a score of noted and dignified admirers. It was with many as it was with the poet Bowles, who "delighted to visit the Moores," they "had such pleasant faces."

As with his mother, so with his wife: from the year 1811, the year of his marriage,[†] to that of his death, in 1852, she received from him the continual homage of a lover; away from her, no matter what were his allurements, he was ever longing to be at home. Those who love, as he did, wife, children, and friends, will appreciate —although the worldling can not—such commonplace sentences as these: "Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island (Killarney) to send to my dear Bessy;" when in Italy, "got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see;" while in Paris, "sending for Bessy and my little ones; wherever they are will be home, and a happy home, to me." When absent (which was rarely for more than a week), no matter where or in what company, seldom a day passed that he did not write a letter to Bessy. The home enjoyments, reading to her, making her the depositary of all his thoughts and hopes—they were his deep delights, compensations for time spent amidst scenes and with people who had no space in his heart.[‡] Ever, when in "terrible request," his thoughts and his heart were there—in

> "That dear Home, that saving Ark,
> Where love's true light at last I've found,
> Cheering within, when all grows dark
> And comfortless and stormy round."

This is the tribute of Earl Russell to the wife of the poet Moore: "The excellence of his wife's moral character, her energy and courage, her persevering economy, made her a better and even a richer partner to Moore than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been, with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct." The "democratic pride" of which Moore speaks was the pride that is ever above a mean action, always sustaining him in proud independence.

In March, 1846, his Diary contains this sad passage: "The last of my five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone; not a single relation have I in this world."[§] His sweet mother had died in 1832; "excellent Nell" in 1846; his father in 1825; and his children one after another, three of them in youth, and two grown up to manhood—his two boys, Tom and Russell, the first-named of whom died in Africa (in 1846), an officer in the French service, the other at Sloperton (in 1842), soon after his return from India, having been compelled by ill health to resign his commission as a lieutenant in the Twenty-fifth regiment. In 1835 the influence of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell obtained for Moore a pension of £300 a year from Lord Melbourne's government—"as due from any government, but much more from one some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends." The "wolf, poverty," therefore, in his latter years, did not "prowl" so continually about his door. But there was no fund for luxuries—none for the extra comforts that old age requires. Mrs. Moore received on the death of her husband a pension of £100 a year, and she had also the interest of the sum of £3000—the sum paid by the ever liberal friends of the poet, the Longmans, for the Memoirs and Journal edited by Lord John, now Earl, Russell—a "lord" whom the poet dearly loved.

When his Diary was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—slander was busy with the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius. For my own part, I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that Diary for any evidence that can lessen the poet in this high estimate. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy; but I read *none* that show the poet other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

That these volumes contain many pages that are valueless is certain, but that they contain any thing to the poet's discredit or dishonor is utterly untrue.

Those who read his Journal with generous sympathy can not fail to have augmented esteem and affection for "the man." His stern independence might have yielded to temptations such as few receive, and very few resist. He preserved it to the last, under circumstances such as any of his many great and wealthy friends would have called "poverty." Of luxuries, from the commencement of his career to its close, he had literally none. His necessities were at times severe, but they were never published to the world; nay, were never obtruded even on those who could, and certainly would, have made them less. In all the relations of life he was faithful, affectionate, and considerate; "at home" he was ever loving and beloved; there he was happiest by rendering his limited circle happy.

The biographers of poets are almost proverbial for diminishing the giant to the dwarf. With a few grand exceptions, we find the loftiest precepts humiliated by the meanest examples, social intercourse degraded by frequent inebriation, poverty callous to the "glorious privilege," condescending to notoriety instead of suffering in solitude; so mingling the vices with the virtues that worshipers eagerly draw the veil over genius in private life, willing to "make allowances," and content with the record, "They are not as other men are."

How few great men are heroes in their daily communion!

The poet Moore is one of the very few of whom we may think and speak without a blush. The cavils and sneers of those who do not or can not understand him are limited to the "crimes" of his dining with lords, and delighting in the courtesies of flatterers in rags. Had he been a sensualist like ——, a drunkard like ——, a pitiful borrower like ——, a truckler for place like ——, critics might have been less severe. Alas! my own experience might readily fill up these blanks; so may any one who has a large "literary acquaintance."

I honor the memory of Moore for the virtues he had and the vices he had not.

When these Memoirs were first published there were some critics who received them with a howl of derision. It was an Irish howl—unreasoning, bitter, malignant. It came almost exclusively from his own countrymen. A pamphlet was printed by Charles Phillips, sometime known as "the Irish orator," who, having obtained a sort of renown at the bar in Ireland, left the country, and practiced chiefly at the Old Bailey, in London. He obtained one of the Commissionerships in Bankruptcy, and was far more prosperous as to worldly circumstances than was Moore at any period of his life.[*]

The atrocious attack on the memory of Moore in the *Quarterly Review* was written by John Wilson Croker, who for many years held the lucrative post of Secretary to the Admiralty. There are many living who remember this busybody of the House of Commons. Small of person, active, energetic, and undoubtedly able, his party found in him a zealous and unscrupulous partisan. He is the Crawley Junior of the novel, "Florence Macarthy," by Lady Morgan, who detested him, and she was "a good hater." He was one of the originators of the *John Bull* newspaper, and from him it received its tone of private slander and public turpitude. It is, I believe, Madden who says of him, "His memory is buried beneath a pyramid of scalps."

The article in the *Quarterly* was a shameful article. It was the old illustration of the dead lion and the living dog. Yet Croker could at that time be scarcely described as living; it was from his death-bed he shot the poisoned arrow. And what brought out the venom? Merely a few careless words of Moore's, in which he described Croker as "a scribbler of all work;" words that Earl Russell would have erased if it had occurred to him to do so. No doubt, however, long-pent-up wrath thus found vent. They were political opponents from the first, and although of Moore it may be safely said, "He lacked gall to make oppression bitter," it was the very opposite with John Wilson Croker.

His namesake (but no relative), Thomas Crofton Croker, was another of the assailants of Moore—when he was dead; yet, while he lived, no man more eagerly coveted to worship even his shadow; his very shoe-ties he would have been proud to unloose. By some means or other, but certainly in no way creditable, was published a series of letters that had passed between the poet and his song publishers, the Powers; with whom, no doubt, he had occasional misunderstandings, but who were his firm friends to the last, the daughter of Mr. Power being one of the executors to the will of the poet's widow, and, as I have stated, he it was who gave Mrs. Moore away at their marriage in 1811. The title-page of this foolish, needless, and useless book states that its publication "was suppressed in London." A publisher was, however, found for it in America; and Crofton Croker prefaced it by an "Introductory Letter." It is not worth while now to confute the statements made in that preface— an example of "safe malignity;" but they might be confuted easily.

I knew Crofton Croker during many years of his life; he was a small man—small in mind as well as in body; doing many little things, but none of them well: his literary fame rests on his "Irish Fairy Legends"—a book of which he was only the editor. Most of the stories—and those the best—were written by Dr. Maginn, Joseph Humphreys (a Quaker), Pigot (the present Irish Chief Baron), Keightly, and Charles Dodd— subsequently the compiler of the "Parliamentary Guide." I was the writer of two of them.

I might take note of other Irishmen who, when the poet Moore was dead, and, therefore, an adversary who could be insulted safely, did their best to dishonor his name, and cast a slur upon his memory; but the subject is not a pleasant one. Is it not Macaulay who speaks of "abject natures, whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits, and in the abasement of immortal names?"

Of a truth, it was well said, "A prophet is never without honor save in his own country." The proverb is especially true as regards Irish prophets. Assuredly Moore was, and is, more popular in every part of the world than he was, or is, in Ireland. The reason is plain: he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither; the one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty, uttered in imperishable verse; the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "justice to Ireland."

Let it be inscribed on his tomb, that ever, amidst privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's meed, the tribute of a smile;" never truckling to power; laboring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending to party that which was meant for mankind; proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprung.

He was born and bred a Roman Catholic; but his creed was entirely and purely Catholic. Charity was the outpouring of his heart: its pervading essence was that which he expressed in one of his Melodies:

> "Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
> In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
> Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
> If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

His children were all baptized and educated members of the Church of England. He attended the parish church, and according to the ritual of that church he was buried. It was not any outward change of religion, but homage to a purer and holier faith, that induced him to have his children brought up as members of the English Church. "For myself," he says, "my having married a Protestant wife gave me opportunity of choosing a religion at least for my children; and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for."

Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled; but when time and enlightened policy removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman—between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—his muse was silent, because content; nay, he protested in emphatic verse against a continued agitation that retarded her progress, when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.[*]

The poetry of Thomas Moore has been more extensively read than that of any modern poet: those who might not have sought it otherwise have become familiar with it through the medium of the delicious music to which it has been wedded; and it would be difficult to find a single educated individual in Great Britain unable to repeat some of his verses. No writer has enjoyed a popularity so universal; and if an author's position is to depend on the delight he produces, we must class the author of "Lalla Rookh" and of the "Irish Melodies" as "chiefest of the bards" of modern times.

But reference to the genius of Moore is needless. My object in this Memory is to offer homage to his moral and social worth. The world that willingly acknowledges its debt to the poet has been less ready to estimate the high and estimable character—the loving and faithful nature—of the man. There are, however, many— may this humble tribute augment the number!— by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts; to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; the grave beside the village church of Bromham a monument better loved than that of any other of the men of genius by whom the world is delighted, enlightened, and refined.

Two years and two months—mournful years and months—Moore may be said to have lain on his death-bed—dying all that weary time; his mind almost obliterated; restorations to reason being only occasional, and very partial. His disease was softening of the brain. Sometimes he knew and recognized his "Bessy;" generally she was an utter stranger to his soul until it was released from its earth-fetters. During the whole of that sad period she was never for an hour out of his room.[*] She told us that when intelligence was at all active he would ask her to read the Bible, but his great delight was to hear her sing; that his frequent desire was for a hymn, "Come to Jesus," in the refrain of which he always joined, and which he often asked her to sing for him a second time. Almost his last words—and they were frequently repeated—were, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God!"

It was, in truth, a mournful sight; but few saw it; none, indeed, except the "dear wife," one attendant, and the clergyman of the parish and his daughter, the loved and trusted friend of both the poet and his wife. A great man, so clinging unwillingly to earth, so awaiting patiently, and yet eagerly, the call of his Master— it is sad, but not altogether sad, to contemplate: it is better, nevertheless, to draw a veil over the "last scene of all."

A statue, in bronze, of the poet was erected on a space of ground that faces Trinity College, and in October, 1857, it was inaugurated. It was the first statue ever raised in a public thoroughfare of the Irish metropolis to an Irishman; and although as a work of art it is but a poor affair, it is at least a record that Ireland was not altogether oblivious of the great man who will be for all time one of its glories. On that occasion one of the most eloquent of Irishmen mourned over the melancholy fact that fame acquired by an Irishman creates no thrill of joy in the hearts of his countrymen; that honors accorded to him by every part of the world are accepted in that country without response. These are the impressive words of Baron O'Hagan: "It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland— proverbially *incuriosa suorum*—that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception among the civilized kingdoms of the earth. And the sorrow and the shame have not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers and poets and patriots and warriors and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old—

> 'Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium.'"

The orator hoped for a more auspicious future for Irishmen; but as yet it has not come, although he is himself one of the most emphatic proofs that England has done "justice" to Ireland. When Baron O'Hagan was born—and he is not an old man—no Roman Catholic could have been even a Queen's Counsel. He, a Roman Catholic, is Lord High Chancellor of Ireland; eight Roman Catholics wear the ermine in their own country; and a Roman Catholic has recently been a judge in England. A hundred pages could not add weight to this single fact with a view to illustrate the changed condition of Ireland, and the altered sentiments of England as regards Ireland. I believe that Moore is now, and was during his lifetime, less worthily appreciated and truly honored in Ireland than in any other country of the world.

While a Scottish man is, so to speak, born to an annuity—for his countrymen ever lend him "a helping hand," and consider they share, though it may be but a tiny part, of the fame he achieves—it is mournful, yet very true, to say of Ireland that with its people it is the opposite.

Moore, at least in the latter part of his life, knew and bitterly felt that dismal truth.

"That God is love," writes his friend and biographer, Earl Russell, "was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbor as himself seems to have been the rule of his life." The good Earl of Carlisle, inaugurating the statue of the poet, bore testimony to his moral and social worth "in all the holy relations of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father, as friend;" and on the same occasion Baron O'Hagan thus expressed himself, "He was faithful to all the sacred obligations and all the dear charities of domestic life—he was the idol of a household."

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[*] The recent statements of Mr. Murray are not of such a nature as to leave any doubt concerning this assertion. It is not disputed that the money he had received was paid back by Moore.

[†] Moore was married to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, at St. Martin's Church, London, on the 25th March, 1811, and Mrs. Ellison writes to me: "She was given away by my father [Mr. Power], her mother, Mrs. Dyke, and her youngest daughter, being present. That sister afterward became the wife of Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh, and the mother of the nephew who is Mrs. Moore's heir."

[‡] In one of Moore's letters to me, dated Sloperton, August 23, 1844, he writes: "I have been once in town since I saw you, and your name was foremost in the list of those I meant to call upon. But a sudden illness of Mrs. Moore caused me to hurry down here, and leave business, calls on friends, and all other such pleasures and duties unattended to."

[§] The five children were—Anne Jane Barbara, born in 1812 at Brompton; Anastasia Mary, born at Kegworth in 1813; Olivia Byron, born at Mayfield in 1814; Thomas Lansdowne Parr, born at Sloperton in 1815; John Russell, born at Sloperton in 1823.

[*] As I wrote and printed the following passages—in April, 1853—shortly after Phillips published his pamphlet, and, of course, while he was living, I need not hesitate to reprint them here. Phillips threatened to prosecute me for libel. He did not carry out his threat, but withdrew the pamphlet from circulation:

"It has long been notorious that if it be desired to ruin an Irishman, you can easily find an Irishman to do it; nay, there is a sort of proverb, 'Put an Irishman upon a spit, and you'll always find another Irishman to turn it.' Mr. Phillips has added force to this opinion. An old man, in the self-reproach arising out of a career that has reflected, to say the least, no credit on his country, endeavors, as perhaps the latest act of his life, to prove the baseness and the wretchedness, nay, the infidelity, of a man as superior to his calumniator, in all that men esteem and venerate, as the light-giving sun is to the unwholesome vapors that sicken earth. Supposing for a brief moment all the statements of Counselor Phillips to be as true as they are untrue, to what possible motive, except the very worst that may dishonor a gentleman, can their publication be attributed? But few months have elapsed since the great poet and good man has been consigned to the grave—a humble grave in a remote church-yard of a country village. His childless widow's days of mourning are but commenced, when this infamous attack is made upon his memory, in the wretched hope and expectation that the world will abhor the name that for more than half a century has been respected and loved."

[*] Moore's friend, Thomas Boyse, of Bannow, thus wrote to me on the eve of Moore's death: "I know not whether you are aware that he whose loss we are soon to deplore would never join in the frantic movement of O'Connell for Repeal, and that, therefore (what a therefore!), the then omnipotent *Tribune* at once whispered down the name and fame of our friend 'from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.' O'Connell denounced him as an enemy to freedom, and an apostate from the cause of Ireland! You are aware of what effects must result from such a sentence, pronounced by such a tribunal."

[*] The following passage I find in one of her letters to Mrs. Hall: "I write in his room, but can hardly see: my eyes are very weak."

Perhaps a better, though a briefer, summary of the character of Thomas Moore than any of these may be given in the words of Dr. Parr, who bequeathed to him a ring: "To one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

On the 4th of September, 1865, the estimable wife of the poet died. She rests beside her beloved husband and three of her children in the church-yard of Bromham. I have said enough to show how highly we estimated her worth—as wife, mother, friend, and benefactress; for the small means at her disposal were ever ready for distribution among the neighboring poor. I have quoted Earl Russell's testimony to her many virtues.

Some Recollections of this excellent lady, by Mrs. Hall, will, I think, be acceptable to the reader; and I print them.

The first time I saw Mrs. Moore was at our own cottage, "The Rosary," Old Brompton. We had heard it was considered expedient that their second son, Russell, should visit London for medical advice. We were going to Ireland for two or three months, and it seemed a small thing to offer the poet the use of our cottage. It is the characteristic of all sensitive minds to exaggerate attentions for services received. Mr. Moore wrote me a letter expressing warm gratitude, but declined the offer, "because just then it was impossible to move Russell until he got better. He hoped soon to thank us." The son who, Mrs. Moore afterward assured me, had never given them one hour's uneasiness, did not "get better"—until he died; but soon afterward, some engagement calling Mr. Moore to town, Mrs. Moore accompanied him, and came to see us.

"There!" he said, as I entered the room, "there is my Bessy; and I know you two ladies are prepared to love each other!"

And so we were. Though her early beauty had faded under the influence of time and anxiety, enough was left not only to tell of what she had been, but to excite love and admiration then. Her figure and carriage were perfect; every movement was graceful; her head and throat were exquisitely moulded; and her voice, when she spoke, was soft and clear. Moore once said to me, "My Bessy's eyes were larger before she wept them away for her children." But when I knew her the sockets were large, but the soft brown eyes fell, as it were, back. All her other features were really beautiful; the delicate nose; the sweet and expressive mouth; the dimples, now here, now there; the chin so soft and rounded; the face a perfect oval. Even at that time no one could have entered a room without murmuring, "What a lovely woman!"

She spoke of Russell's illness—hopefully; but the quivering lips, and eyes suffused with tears, did not sustain her words. While walking with me round our little garden, she laid bare her heart in a few words. "I do not suffer his father to believe how ill he is; he will know it time enough. Lover painted a charming portrait of him. You will see it when you come to Sloperton, but you will never see *him*."

Poor Russell! he was, as his mother knew he would be, in Bromham church-yard before our return from Ireland; and more than a year elapsed ere we paid our first visit to Sloperton. We were there a week, and during that time Russell's name was never mentioned by either Mr. or Mrs. Moore; but one morning she called me into her bedroom, pointed to a picture, and left me alone with Russell's portrait.[*] The boy must have been very like his mother. Their eldest son, Tom, was, if I may judge from a miniature of him, remarkably handsome. Poor lad! he fell early into the ways of folly: he had great temptations, and yielded to them. At his death there were debts owing by him: they were paid out of the limited "means" of his parents; and when his father had expended every farthing he could command for that purpose, his mother gathered together her most valuable trinkets, took them into Bath, and sold them, rather than that the taint of an unpaid debt should rest on their son's name.[†] Moore passed the mornings in his library, the largest room in the cottage, whose pleasant window commanded a view of the fields and the high-road: it contained his books, his piano,[‡] and two Irish harps, various chairs and tables, which, if not hallowed by long residence in the poet's room, would have been called "mean;" a few pictures, which Mr. Moore did not care for—as pictures: they were valued from association. He was strangely indifferent to art. "His friends at Bowood," Mrs. Moore said, "would have made a connoisseur of him had it been possible, but it was not. Scenery he enjoys fully, but a painted one strikes no chord in his heart."

Even then, though it was November, and we were seated enjoying his cheerfulness round the drawing-room table, he seemed to have an instinctive perception that the sun was about to set. He left the room, and a story unfinished, and we saw him pass the window on his way to the terrace-walk. "Sunset," said Mrs. Moore, laughing—"he will finish his story when he returns." That raised terrace-walk, inclosing two sides of his little domain—the exquisitely kept garden—gave the poet never-ceasing enjoyment. There were seats in three or four places, but the favorite one was beneath a group of, I think, *elm*-trees, and there stood the little green wooden table which dear Mrs. Moore bequeathed to me, and which is the most highly honored of all my mementoes of departed friends. The poet would pace up and down that walk for hours, and pause to write whatever thoughts he considered worth recording. Between those trees we caught glimpses of Bromham Church. Mr. Moore was becoming very absent, and at times Mrs. Moore seemed pained by the efforts she made to recall, as it were, his mind to our conversation. Even at table she frequently exclaimed, "Tom, Tom, what are you thinking of?" His absence of mind was, indeed, so great, that it gave *me* uneasiness; but Mrs. Moore took it as a matter of course.

I never knew any one with such active and genial affections as Moore, except his wife. Her nature was quite as sympathetic as that of her husband; and while her reverence for that husband amounted to devotion, she watched over him as a mother watches over a tender and beloved child. It was the most wonderful blending of admiration, duty, and lovingness I ever witnessed or could fancy. At times, even then—though, as her husband tenderly said, she had wept her eyes away crying for her children—she looked radiantly beautiful.

When silent, Mrs. Moore's mouth was charmingly expressive. It was not small, but it was beautifully formed; the lips full, yet delicate, and quivering like a child's with any sudden emotion, giving birth to little fleeting dimples; and at times the upper lip would upturn with such pretty disdain that it seemed a pleasure to make her a little angry:

> "The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
> New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when
> shaken."

During many succeeding months I heard frequently from Mrs. Moore.[*] She sent me several little commissions for biscuits of some particular kind, "he was so fond of them." She seemed to me to watch the advertisements, and to obtain every thing nourishing or new to tempt him. As time passed, his mind passed with it. She was slow to realize the agonizing fact; she had put it from her, hid it away, invented reasons: "his stomach was out of order;" "he wanted change;" "he had been working too hard;" "the summer always tried him—he would be better in the winter;" or "the winter was too cold—he always bloomed out with the flowers."[†] One reason was the right one; like Scott and Southey, "he had worked too hard." Imagination, thought, memory, were worn out. At last—at last—she knew it; the greatest trial of her sorely tried life had come. Her idol, whom she worshiped with perfect enthusiasm—he of whose genius she was so proud—to become what he was: still tender and gentle, but mindless as an infant. She could not bear any one to see him in that state; day and night, night and day, for months and months, she *alone* ministered to him, at his desire singing him scraps of hymns. We can easily imagine how the perpetual watching and waiting preyed on a constitution already enfeebled by sorrows which it had been her chief care to prevent *his* feeling in their intensity. She was ever at her post. The sick-room was the heart of the house; the life-blood beat there, more and more feebly, but still it beat; and then there was no longer need for watching: the end came—the end here!

After a time she collected his books, and gave them and his Irish harp to the Royal Irish Academy, on condition that a room should be appropriated to them—now and always. That has been done. About six months after his death she asked me to come and spend a few days with her. "The light of the house is gone," she said, "but you can recall it as it was." I found her changed, yet not more so than I expected, and I perceived that the only pleasure she seemed to have was talking about HIM. While the morning was yet gray—about half past five—I heard her voice in the garden, directing her old gardener, and immediately after breakfast she took her seat at the dining-room window, which she opened, and waited there for the poor villagers, who never failed to present themselves for what they wanted—medicine, or soup, or articles of clothing, or books, to be lent or given, or often for a bit of advice from "Madam Moore." This occupied from one to two hours, and then she would go up stairs, unlock and enter his library, where she would sit alone for another hour, never inviting or permitting any one to enter it. I was never in it during either of my visits to her. She swept and dusted it herself, and then sat down with at least outward calmness at the window. If I had gone for a walk into the beautiful lanes, or through the fields to visit the tomb in Bromham church-yard, and looked up at the bowery window as I entered the gate, she would nod and smile at me, and in the course of a little time come down to the drawing-room, and take up her patchwork, or her knitting, or doll-dressing (for she had always some bazar-work on hand), or cushions, or slippers to make for a friend; and it often seemed to me strange how the last great sorrow had tided over all others—all except one. The eldest son, Tom, was known to have died in Africa; they had received confirmatory letters and all his "things" long ago, but *she* retained fragments of broken hope that he would yet return. One particular evening we had been sitting still and silent a long time, when suddenly the garden gate was thrown open, her pale cheek flushed, she started up and looked out, then sank into her chair. "What was it, dear?' I inquired. "You will think it a weakness," she said, "or perhaps insanity; but I have never quite believed in our son's death, and I seldom hear the garden gate opened at an unusual hour without a hope that it is my boy."

She was then beginning to suffer from an internal complaint that persecuted her to the last, and which her medical advisers said had been brought on by stooping over and turning—lifting, in fact—her helpless husband.

Suffering of her own had not exhausted her sympathy for others. She was warmly sympathetic to the last, retaining her taste for the beautiful, which most manifested itself in her care and love of flowers. Her cheeks would flush if you brought her a new or beautiful flower; and whenever she obtained a rare plant her first thought was how it could be divided. Her garden was like the widow's cruse—tiny place though it was—yet such clumps of lily of the valley, such roots of marvelous polyanthus, such fragrant violets, such "strikings" of the wonderful "Tara ivy," which was flourishing when I paid my first visit to Sloperton!

I had visited her four times between the death of her husband and her own, and promised her, on my return from Germany, that I would spend some few autumn days with her; but that was not to be; and dearly as I loved her, I could not regret her release from the intense suffering she endured, and which had so much increased of late as to render her once beautiful person a complete wreck. But when hardly able to stand, she would creep into the garden to see that *his* favorite terrace-walk was free from weed or pebble, and that his Tara ivy, and whatever he loved, was duly cared for. In our early friendship Mr. Hall had sent Mrs. Moore some standard roses; two or three of those were the poet's especial favorites. I was there when one of them showed symptoms of decay; it was painful to witness her anxiety about that tree. Every species of "compo" was applied to its roots; I might almost say she watered it with her tears. Thoughtlessly, I told her Mr. Hall would send her another of the same sort. "No, no," she said, impatiently; "he can not send me a tree on which my darling looked, or from which he gathered a blossom."

She is with him now!

On the death of Mrs. Moore she directed some relics connected with her illustrious husband to be sent to us; she had, indeed, told us that she would do so.[*] To Mrs. Hall she sent an inkstand, presented to Moore by the sons of George Crabbe, and the small deal table to which I have referred as standing in the terrace-walk, at which it was "his custom to pause and write down his thoughts." To me she sent some MSS. of the poet.

Among the MSS., all in his handwriting (the major part, however, being notes, chiefly for the "History of Ireland"), is one that contains this prefatory passage: "The first rudiments of the 'Loves of the Angels,' which it is clear I began and meant to continue in prose. T. M." The following is the fragment; there are also some fragments of poetry, hitherto unpublished:

> "The world had been created about a thousand years, and the Deity had not yet repented of his work. But corruption spread fast among the nations of the earth, and the day was at hand when Justice could no longer sleep. There appeared about this time some Youths of extraordinary beauty, who excited in a strong degree the attention and the interest of the world. They had something in their air which the eye had never witnessed before, which was just heavenly enough to awe, and just mortal enough to captivate. Yet a strange kind of melancholy always hung over them; they appeared to look back upon times of glory and happiness that were past; and bright and lovely as they were, they seemed but the ruin of something more bright and more lovely. It was to the women of earth they particularly addressed themselves, and therefore the smile of love was to them by no means a stranger. Yet the light which it threw was cold and tremulous. Like moonlight upon a temple of former days, it was but a faint illumination of grandeur in decay. There were various opinions with respect to their nature and origin. By some they were thought to have sprung from the female genii, who, according to the absurd belief of that period, had stolen into Paradise with Adam before the formation of Woman; while others supposed they were beings of a purer order, who had been placed in Eden when our primitive parents were expelled, and, like them, had lost it by disobedience and pride. Two of these youths, who called themselves Zaraph and Rubi, and surpassed even the rest in dignity and grace, became enamored of the sisters Lilis and Issa, maidens who were almost as distinguished among women as their youthful lovers stood peerless among men. But the minds of these sisters had little or no resemblance to each other. Issa had that kind of sanguine and impetuous spirit which is so much misplaced in the female bosom, and will seldom lead to any thing that is admirable except at the expense of every thing that is amiable. The best feelings of such a woman become, by their violence, much more dangerous than the hatred of another. Her very love is to be dreaded; and the ancient picture of Cupid with a thunder-bolt in his hand is the aptest emblem of such formidable affection. The ambition, too, of Issa was boundless; nor could Rubi have gained her heart if he had not at the same time satisfied her pride. She saw that he was a creature superior to the rest of mankind: she found ample inspiration from his look; and thoughts of more than mortal shone so spiritually through him that she felt them ere he spoke, and grew more than mortal while she communed with him. These were the sublime impressions which made Rubi dear to Issa; nor could she set any limit to the power which a love so supernatural seemed to promise to her ambition.
>
> "Such was by no means the disposition of Lilis. She was one of those meek, feminine spirits to whom love is every thing that this world has to bestow. She looked to her Zaraph for happiness, not for greatness, and to know that she was beloved was the only knowledge necessary to her heart. While the eyes of the world were turned upon these extraordinary youths an opportunity occurred to Issa of proving triumphantly to her sex how Rubi bowed before her, and how the multitude bowed before Rubi. The growth of impiety in those days was dreadful, and gave gloomy presage of the ruin that awaited mankind. Among the numerous heresies that arose there was one which the giants patronized, and which spread, of course, rapidly under such powerful influence. This creed contained some blasphemous tenets, which were most of them luckily lost at the Deluge; but they believed that God was a giant like themselves—that men and women were inferior angels, whom the Deity had bewildered by some intoxicating power, and then sent upon earth to exhibit their folly for his amusement. The giants and philosophers grew sober much sooner than others, etc., etc. We may presume, however, it was then—as it has always been ever since—that the power of these infidels was much more obnoxious than their errors; for religion may wear her mantle of any color she likes, so long as she is not suspected of hiding a sceptre under it. The nations rose in arms against the giants; but strength was on the side of the impious, and the nations were discomfited. This was the moment for the lover of Issa to distinguish himself, and her heart beat high in the expectation of the glory he might acquire. But Rubi was cold and insensible to all that earth could offer. Languishing, enamored, by her side, in dreams of melancholy and love, he seemed to gaze on her as something to which heaven itself might be sacrificed; and it was not till the aspiring virgin made victory the price of her charms that he woke from his trance, and rushed to combat with the infidels. 'Shall I then,' he exclaimed, while his eyes turned wildly upward—'shall I dare to be thy champion, O God! I, who have abandoned thy glories?' The sadness of despair was on his brow even amidst the splendors of conquest. The smile of Issa alone seemed necessary to reconcile him to the honors he had won. That smile was not wanting; her arms opened to receive him, and Love and Ambition joined their trophies over them.
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> "This is the first instance which occurs in the annals of the world of a war undertaken professedly in defense of religion, and it appears that religion was the last thing considered in it.
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> "Zaraph had fought by the side of Rubi, while the trembling Lilis wept and prayed for his safety; but the triumphs of Zaraph were of a gentler nature. He went among the vanquished; he loosed the chains of the captive; he shed light over the minds of the infidels; he spoke to them the language of nature and of truth; and it was thus for the first time that mankind felt the magic of eloquence. With eyes that expressed the very anguish of humility, nor dared even to cast one look to that heaven whose wonders he proclaimed, and whose spirit seemed to burn upon his tongue, so pious and sublime were the attributes in which he clothed the divinity, so touching was his appeal to the misguided souls of the unbelieving, that doubt dissolved beneath his words, and every heart opened to the truth."

This is followed by a number of detached notes, which have reference chiefly to the Platonic loves of saints of comparatively recent ages. Although interesting, they are mere fragments. One of them relates the story of St. Jerome, who, complaining of the slander of his enemies, wrote that "if the gratification of sense had been his pursuit, he would naturally have selected some of those fair wantons of Rome, whose persons charmed the eye by every embellishment of beauty and of art; but that, on the contrary, the objects of his attachments were women who, by fasting and humiliation, had not alone ruined the attractions of their forms, but suffered neglect to obscure even its decencies."

This apology suggested the following lines:

"THE SAINT'S LOVE.

"She sleeps among the pure and blest;
But oh! believe me when I swear
That while a spirit thrills my breast,
Her worth shall be remembered there.

"My tongue shall never hope to charm,
Unless it breathes Blesilla's name;
My fancy ne'er shall beam so warm
As when it lights Blesilla's fame.

"On her, where'er my pages fly,
My pages still shall life confer,
And every wise or beauteous eye
That studies me shall weep for her.

"For her the widow's tear shall fall
In sympathy of single love,
And holy maids shall learn to call
On her who blooms a saint above.

"And many a learned and lonely sage,
And many a monk, recluse and hoary,
Shall love the lines and bless the page
That wafts Blesilla's name to glory."

PHOSPHORUS.

SOME curious experiments on the luminosity of phosphorus have been announced by Dr. J. Moffat, in England. It is non-luminous in a temperature below 39° Fahr., but luminous at 45°, although the pressure of the atmosphere varies those properties, and so does the course of the wind. Vapor arising from phosphorus is attracted by heat, but repelled by cold. A sea-breeze, or rather equatorial wind, is charged, it would appear, with phosphorescence and ozone, while a land-wind possesses no such qualities; hence it is suggested that the ocean is actually a reservoir of ozone, and the phosphorescence of the sea is measurably due to that circumstance. Phosphorus abounds largely in all land animal bones. Several pounds might be extracted from an adult human skeleton, if properly treated for that object. Scrofulous persons, and particularly rickety children, are deficient in that element, which is a cause of their condition. Persons having a tendency to an early decay of their teeth are also suffering from the same cause. Phosphate of lime is essential to the development and sound state of those organs. Those who subsist on the coarser kinds of food—as corn-

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[*] In one of Lover's letters to me he writes concerning this portrait: "You ask me to give you some description of Russell Moore. You know how hard, or rather how impossible, it is for words to convey any notion of lineaments. All children's faces are, to a certain extent, round; but Russell's might have been remarked for roundness even among children—nose, though *retroussé*, nicely defined about the nostril; a pretty mouth, well-marked eyebrows, and dark brown eyes of remarkable beauty, with a certain expression of archness that reminded one of his father (you remember what brilliant and vivacious eyes his were); in short, Russell Moore's face would have been a good model for a painter who wanted a suggestion for a little Cupid."

[†] Tom was undoubtedly possessed of abilities. He obtained a prize at the Charter-House. On his death a French general wrote to Mr. Moore to say he would have received the Cross of the Legion of Honor had he lived a while longer; and among the few remains sent to his parents were note-books and drawings concerning many of the countries of Europe.

[‡] That piano was a special legacy from Mrs. Moore to her grand-niece, with an injunction that it was always to be kept in the family—"never to be parted with." A few months ago we were gratified by hearing this grand-niece (the daughter of Charles Murray, Esq.) play one of her grand-uncle's pieces on this piano.

[*] Her letters to me always contained flowers, and occasionally a sprig of bay. I have just opened one of them; the leaves are dry and dead, but there are loving words to keep memory green in the soul.

[†] One of her touching notes is now at my side. "My dearest Mrs. Hall,—He is now sitting up with the window open, and the sun shining on him. I can hardly believe that I write the truth. His sleep is excellent, and in all ways he improves daily. I am not at all well, and begin to feel I require rest, which I will take if I can. But he is yet too feeble to be left, and I do not like to bring a stranger about him. Your affectionate B. M.—He is sitting close by me, and is anxious to walk."

[*] It is pleasant to know, and to record, that the nephew of Mrs. Moore, Charles Murray, Esq., to whom she left all she had to leave, excepting such memorials as she desired to bequeath to dear friends—and all these were carefully labeled and marked to secure their due delivery—sacredly preserves the relics he inherited, and honors all that recalls the memory of his aunt and the husband she adored. He has recently placed a memorial window in the church at Bromham.